AUGUST,

1876

ARTHUR'S
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HOME MAGAZINE

No. 8.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERIOK & CO.

## Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' PROMENADE COSTUME.
(For Description see next Page.)

#### DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' PROMENADE COSTUME.

(For Illustration see preceding Page.)

The elegant costume illustrated is one of the most stylish of the season, and is made of silk and camel'shair, and trimmed with silk and velvet. The skirt is in pretty walking length, and was cut by our six-gored pattern No. 4413, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, 53 vards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The front and sides of the skirt just clear the ground, while the back portions fall in the graceful folds illustrated. The bottom is prettily trimmed with two silk rufles, the upper one being gathered at the top to form a puffed heading.

The polonaise is gracefully fitted by darts and side-back seams, and closes at the back from the

neck to the central portion of the skirt with tiny buttons, the overlapping edge, like the side-back seams, being corded with velvet. The bottom is finished with a broad fold of velvet, while the sleeves are of silk and correspondingly completed. The drapery is accomplished by plaits and tapes, and occurs low at the back. The polonaise was cut by pattern No. 4469, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, 64 yards of goods 27 inches wide, together with 11 yard of silk 20 inches wide, will be required.

The hat is of chip and is prettily trimmed with silk and tiny blossoms, together with a few loops of ribbon falling from under the back brim.







LADIES' POLONAISE, OPEN IN THE BACK AND WITHOUT SIDE-FORMS.

lady of medium size, 5% yards of goods 27 inches and costs 35 cents. It is suitable for any material, wide, together with 11 yard of darker material of the and is one of the prettiest styles closing at the same width, will be required. The pattern is in 13 back.

No. 4474.—To make this stylish garment for a sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure,





#### LADIES' FICHU WRAP.

lace. Made of net and insertion, either in black or ouired.

No. 4473 .- A wrap of some sort has become quite white lace, it would form a pretty addition to any a necessity with a fashionable street costume, and costume. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from varies with the season in respect to the material from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. which it is made up. The one illustrated is made of To make the garment for a lady of medium size, lace-striped grenadine, and trimmed with French 41 yards of goods, 27 mehes wide, will be re-



4457

Right Side View.



4457 Lest Side View

#### LADIES' BIAS OVER-SKIRT.

No: 4457.—The pattern to this stylish garment is inches wide, together with 4 yard of plain goods, in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist meas- will be required. All the parts except the pocket are ure, and costs 30 cents. To make the over-skirt for a cut bias, and the drapery is very simply accomplishtady of medium size, 6 yards of plaid material, 27 ed, making a prettily full but not bouffant garment.







Back View.



4470 Front View.



Back View.

#### LITTLE GIRLS' PLAITED APRON.

No. 4465.—The pattern to this pretty little garment is in 6 sizes for little girls from 2 to 7 years of age. To make the apron for a little girl of 5 years, 2½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

GIRLS' POLONAISE, OPEN IN THE BACK.

No. 4470.—This little garment is very stylish, and closes at the back with tiny buttons and button-holes. To make it for a girl 7 years old, 2½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and cos's 25 cents.



4451

Front View.

LADIES' PARASOL POCKET, (For Illustration, see engraving No. 4453.)

graving No. 4455.)

No. 4455.—The pocket illustrated may be made of silk or any suit material, and attached to a costume. To make it, § yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required, with enough ribbon for bows and straps. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



4455

For Description, see article on 'Ladies' Parasol Pocket,' under Front View of No. 4451.)



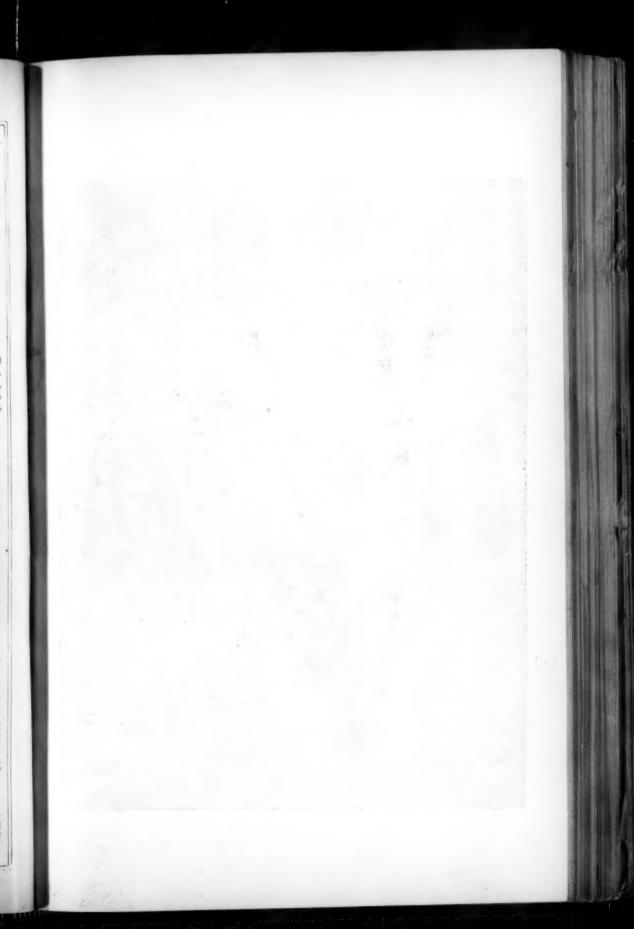
Back View.

MISSES' OVER-SKIRT, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 4451.—The garment illustrated is stylish when made of any material, and the pattern by which it was cut is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the over-skirt for a miss of 13 years, 2½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

per NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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## ARTHUR'S

# ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

AUGUST, 1876.

No. 8.

# Pistory, Biography and General Titeraturg.



#### INEZ.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

HE shone upon me like a star at night.
The splendor of her eyes one moment beamed
On me, and then their melting glance
Was veiled behind the fringes of their lids.
She was the very pearl of Spain's fair maids—
A princess—queen—the fairest of them all.
Her raven hair in waving tresses swept
A brow like marble, and the clinging lace
VOL. XLIV.—29.

Of her mantilla, half in shade concealed, And yet enhanced, the beauty of her form.

I thought I knew the world in every phase. Had met with men of wisdom, women fair. Had lost my heart a dozen times or so, Only to find it coming back to me, But little, if at all, the worse for wear. I'd loved—of course I had; as oft forgot. I thought the world a very pleasant world, With much of brightness, also much of shade.

She beamed on me the splendor of her eves: She shone upon me like a star at night: And earth was lighted by a sudden blaze Of glory; then she dropped those wondrous orbs, And, passing on, she left me in the dark. When light like this had flooded o'er my soul, I should be dark forever, ever more, Until the light came kindly back again.

She shone upon me like a star at night. And, like a star, as far above my reach. Those lustrous eyes revealed the wondrous depths Of thought and feeling which she fain would hide Within the inmost recess of her soul. Happy the man on whom they beam in love. Thrice blessed the man on whom they beam in love.

A wretch is he on whom in scorn they turn. My soul would wither in their scorching glance.

A man will sigh in vain to reach the stars. Then let him stand a silent worshipper. Beam on me ever like a star at night, Fair Inez, very pearl of Spain's fair maids,



BOUEN.

#### JOAN OF ARC.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

N 1412, in the village of Domremy, in the department of Vosges, France, was born Joan d'Arc, who was destined to become the savior of France. Her childhood was spent in the quiet of a humble home, engaged in tending her father's flocks, and in the more distinctively feminine occupations of spinning and sewing. Women, in those days, were not thought to need education; so this peasant girl was taught neither to read nor

Joan was a sweet, simple girl, especially remarkable for her piety and her works of charity. She was sought in marriage by various youth of her native village; but repulsed them all with the man who had spoken of her so contemptu-

kindness vet firmness. From an early age she declared that she had angelic visitants, and heard voices, which commanded her regarding the actions of her life.

At this period France was torn by intestine for tions. A large portion of her territory was in the hands of the English, and the whole nation was abandoned to the horrors of a civil war. The sufferings of the nobility were great, but those of the peasantry were, beyond comparison, greater. The country was overrun by invaders; villages and towns were ransacked and pillaged; men were murdered, and women outraged. The victim of successful enemies from without, and of treachery, jealousy and faint-heartedness within; with a weak, unprincipled monarch, who neither felt confidence in his people or inspired them with it. France seemed likely to be blotted out from her place among nations. Joan realized all this in a remarkable degree for one so young. Her heart burned with love of her country, and with the desire to see her king firmly established upon his

One day as she was walking alone in the garden. she heard a voice saving to her: "Joan, arise!

Go to the succor of the Dauphin! Restore to him his kingdom of France!"

She fell on her knees and exclaimed: "How can I do this, since I am but a poor girl, and know neither how to ride nor to lead armies?"

The voice replied: "Go to the Lord of Baudricourt, the king's captain at Vaucouleurs. He will send you under escort to the Dauphin. Fear not. St. Catherine and St. Margaret will protect you."

To this divine communication succeeded visions. These angelic summons continued for several vears before she revealed them to her parents. When she did so, they were greatly troubled. Her father tried to persuade her to marry, thinking that in domestic cares her mind would be diverted from its one thought, and her supernatural visitants would leave her.

Finally the horrors of war spread to her own village. The people fled for safety before the advancing Burgundians, and returned to find their village sacked and their church burned to the ground. Joan regarded it as a vengeance from Heaven that she had so long resisted its commands. Leaving her home, she went to stay for a time with an uncle, who was more enthusiastic, and who gave her sympathy and faith in her mission. Entreated by Joan, this uncle went to the Lord of Baudricourt, at Vaucouleurs, with a message from the young girl.

"You have nothing to do," said Bandricourt to this messenger of miracles, "but to chastise your niece well, and send her home."

Nothing daunted, Joan resolved herself to visit

ously. Habited in a red peasant's dress, Joan set out on foot, accompanied by her uncle. Yielding to her importunities. Baudricourt finally consented to give her audience.

Joan answered to his questions: "I come to you in the name of God, my lord, to tell you to send word to the Dauphin to remain where he is, and not give battle to the enemy at this time, because God will send him succor by the middle of Lent. The kingdom does not belong to him, but to God, his Lord. Yet God wills that he should reign. Notwithstanding all his enemies, he shall be king: and I will lead him to be crowned at Rheims."

Baudricourt was deeply impressed by her manner and message, and after a certain amount of hesitation, perceiving the faith with which she inspired the people, he equipped her, and sent her with a suitable escort to the Dauphin. As she proceeded on her journey, she everywhere made converts to a belief in her divine mission.

When the king was about to give her audience, in order to put her to the test, he attired himself simply and mingled with his more richly-dressed courtiers. Joan advanced, and recognizing him without questioning any one, fell upon her knees before him.

"I am not the king," said the Dauphin; "there is the king," pointing to one of his courtiers.

Joan replied, earnestly: "By my God, gracious prince, you are the king, and none other. Most noble lord, the King of kings declares, through me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned, in the City of Rheims, His vicegerent over the kingdom of France."

The Dauphin and the entire court were struck with awe at these words. From that time, all classes espoused her cause. Nobles crowded around her, and promised her their allegiance. She was presented with superb war-horses, and taught how to ride and how to break a lance. A suit of light armor, perfectly white, was prepared for her. She told them where, in a chapee in a church near Chinon, they would find a rusty sword marked with five crosses, which she wished to bear. They gave her a white standard, bearing the fleur de lis, the heraldic flower of France. She was placed at the head of the army, and immediately began to use her authority by reforming the morals and purifying this army. The whole populace were wild with enthusiasm, and there were witnessed such scenes as we, in this matterof-fact, skeptical nineteenth century, can scarcely Multitudes followed her. Popular preachers attended with exhortations; and thousands of people lay upon the bare ground at night, ready to listen to the exhortations of the morning.

Joan led the army to Orleans, and there fulfilled her promise by raising the siege. A number of brilliant victories followed in rapid succession. Everywhere the French soldiers fought with unparalleled bravery, inspired by the sight of the white ensign which was ever to be seen in the very front of the battle. Once Joan was wounded, and was carried from the battle-field to have her wound dressed. The French, seeing their leader fall, soon wavered, and finally retreated. Just at

banner, which had fallen in a ditch. As it was handed to her, the wind unrolled it, and it floated out in the sunlight. The retreating army, thinking it a signal from Joan, rallied to her aid: while the English, who had believed her killed, seeing her arise as from the dead, were struck with a panic, and an easy victory was attained.

Finally, she redeemed her promise of leading the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims, though when she predicted the event, three days before it really happened, they received the prediction with doubts, and almost with jeers, so improbable of accomplishment it seemed, as the English were then in full possession of the city.

France was saved. Her strongholds were in possession of the French armies, and already the rebellious Duke of Burgundy was in communication with the king, negotiating a treaty of peace, But the path of the maid of Orleans was not flower-strewn. True, the people worshipped her.



OLD MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ABC, ROUEN.

and looked upon her as a divine being, though she received their worship with humble protestations. But among the leaders of the army there were those who were jealous that the councils of a young girl had been listened to instead of their own. That these councils had led to success, rather augmented than abated their hate: and they determined to injure her upon the first opportunity. She felt intuitively the dangers which surrounded her; and when her mother, visiting her about this period, asked her: "Joan, are you afraid of nothing?" she replied: "Nothing but treason.'

She went, at the head of her army, to defend Compiegne against the Duke of Burgundy. The commandant of the city, although a brave soldier. was a brutal man, and he was hostile to the maid and her pretensions. During the day, she displayed more courage than ever before, and three times seemed on the point of victory; but at night that moment the maid returned to recover her she found herself surrounded and pursued. De-

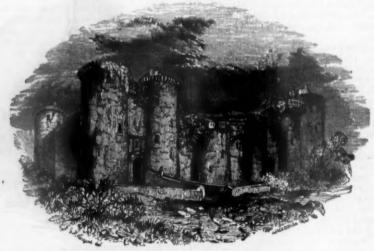
termined to sacrifice herself rather than her followers, she allowed them all to precede her over the draw-bridge which led to the city. When the last one had crossed, and she was about to enter the bridge, it rose at that instant, and left her to the mercy of her enemies. She was seized and dragged from her horse. The English and Burgundians were jubilant over their prize. They had in their power the spirit which had inspired the French to their many and wonderful victories. They imagined they saw the conquest of all France in the conquest of this young girl. The cannon of the camps poured forth their joy, and te deums were celebrated in every city and province of the allies.

The French were in terror and despair. Public prayers and processions were ordained for her deliverance. The people of Tours marched barefoot through the streets, weeping and chanting the miserere.

cence and simplicity of the girl's character, that they refused to reveal anything.

They finally persuaded her, by promise of mitigating her punishment, to sign a confession of her sins of ignorance without disavowing her cause or her sentiments. Having signed this confession. she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The rabble and the English soldiers were dissatisfied at this, when they were assured by the judges that this was only a pretense, and that the sentence would soon be reversed.

That night, while she slept, they removed the female apparel which she had worn in prison, and placed in its stead her military dress. In the morning she put this on, since there was no other for her to wear. This act was interpreted as one of treason and as of defiance of the authority of the holy church in whose keeping she was. She was condemned to be burnt at the stake. She suffered this terrible death, and her ashes were cast, Joan was first sent to the fortress of Beaulieu; by the Bishop of Winchester, into the Seine, in



CARTLE OF BOURN.

strongly-fortified castle. The Duke of Burgundy bought her from Luxembourg; the English from the Duke of Burgundy; and the inquisition of Paris now demanded her, to try her as a heretic and sorceress before the Court of the Holy Inquisition. Once she attempted to escape from her imprisonment by leaping from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir. But she was found senseless at the bottom, and again incarcerated. She was taken to Arras, and thence to Rouen, to await her trial. For more than six months they persecuted her in almost every conceivable way. They tried to compel her to confess herself a heretic or a sorceress, and they were all the more enraged against her that her answers, though bold, were such as did not incriminate her. They sent a priest to confess her, and stationed notaries in an adjoining room, to take down every word she uttered; but they were so struck with the inno-

but she was afterwards removed to Boaurevoir, a order that nothing might remain of her to inflame the hearts of the French people.

> The castle where she was incarcarated in Rouen still stands, but the tower in which she was confined was demolished in 1780. Twenty-four years after her martyrdom, a papal bull declared her innocence, and a cross was raised upon the spot where she had been bound to the stake.

> There is no authentic portrait of the maid of Orleans; but the Princess Marie, of Wurtemburg, has modeled a statue, with head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping a sword in sign of the cross, which is regarded as a beautiful embodied ideal of "the holy virgin," as the maid of Orleans.was called. This statue is or was to be seen at Versailles.

> It is curious, and at times unsatisfactory, to contemplate how the spirit of modern investigation sometimes mars, or at least seeks to mar, our most cherished historical romances. Thus it has

archives of Metz, a paper purporting to have been written at the time, and giving an account of the arrival at Metz, in company with her two brothers. the veritable maid of Orleans, five years after her supposed death. The same discoverer of this paper, a Father Vignier, afterwards claimed to have found in the family muniment chest of A. M. Des Armoise, in Lorraine, a contract of marriage between "Robert Des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne D'Arcy, surnamed the maid of Orleans." In the archives of the Malson de Ville of Orleans, under the dates of 1435, 1436, have been discovered a record of certain payments to a messenger bringing letters from Jeanne the maid; and an entry, bearing date three years subsequently, records a gift on the part of the city to her for services rendered by her at the siege. Nevertheless, there seems no fact in history better attested than the imprisonment and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. English and French history are corroborative on this point. It is more easy to believe that these records have been forged by some person or persons who would like to remove the odium of her death either from the church or from the English nation, than that there can be any possibility of the falsehood of history in this particular.

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#### "WOMEN AND THE FINE ARTS."

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

N accepting the invitation of the Women's Centennial Commission to take charge of the opening musical exercises of that department, Mr. Theodore Thomas remarked that "art and culture in this country can look for support and encouragement only to the women; men are only taken along."

Commenting upon this statement of the popular musical conductor, the Cleveland Leader says: "Granted that men paint the best pictures, 'sculp' the noblest statuary, compose all the good music, and do nine-tenths of all the musical performance worthy the name of art, does it not yet remain true that concerts and picture galleries, not to mention book-stores and library associations, would waste their sweetness on desert air but for the patronage and encouragement of women?"

Though truly grateful for this testimony concerning women's love and appreciation of the fine arts, I am not willing to grant the claim that men now excel women in their professions, especially in those of painting and sculpture. True, the "old masters" had but little feminice competition, for women were as completely shut out from the higher pursuits of life as if they had indeed been but little superior to the brute creation. Even after the commencement of this thrice blessed woman's century, when the contracted "woman's sphere" began to widen, a young lady who could dabble in water colors, execute fair sketches with the pencil, play and sing passably a little simple music, was considered "highly accomplished," and quite ready for a "settlement in life," after which all such relics of maidenhood were expected to be summarily dropped.

As time passed on, and women began to breathe thing to being in the country is to have Rosa

been announced that there has been found in the archives of Metz, a paper purporting to have been written at the time, and giving an account of the arrival at Metz, in company with her two brothers, the veritable maid of Orleans, five years after her supposed death. The same discoverer of this paper, a Father Vignier, afterwards claimed to have found in the family muniment chest of A. M. Des Armoise, in Lorraine, a contract of marriage between "Robert Des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne D'Arcy, surnamed the maid of Orleans."

Let a graphy a dvancing civilization, as they were permitted occasional quaffs at the "fountain of knowledge," we observe a wonderful change in their achievements. It would be no more unjust to clip or tie the wings does its mate, than it is for men to arrogate to themselves superiority, because, forsooth, with the whole world open to them, they have for so many centuries surpassed the women, who have been hedged in to an inheritance of pitiful ignorance.

Great as has been the advancement in regard to the education and culture of women, I am prepared to substantiate my claim, that in winning their way to success as artists, sculptors, orators and the like, they have had obstacles to surmount such as never have obstructed the life-paths of aspiring young men.

In reading and hearing of the trials and discouragements which have beset all women who have dared to venture out of the old circumscribed position in life, my soul is not only filled with pity because of their struggles, and with indignation at the bigoted conservatives who have sought to hinder them, but, above all, with admiration and surprise, as I witnessed the rapidity with which they have scaled the heights and gained proud places at the side of their brothers.

If a Raphael and a Michael Angelo were without rivals among women, such is not the case to-day with a Landseer, a Powers, a Page or a Ball. Women can proudly point to Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Margaret Toley, Annie Whitney, Caroline Ransom, Miss Thompson of England, and many others, whose abilities are fully equal to those of their brother artists.

Rosa Bonheur made her debut as an artist in the salon of Paris, at the early age of nineteen, and very soon rose to the highest pinnacle of fame. When Sir Edwin Landseer, the great English painter of animals, first saw Mile. Bonheur's "Horse Fair," he is said to have magnanimously exclaimed: "It surpasses me; though it is a little hard to be beaten by a woman."

Fortunately for this talented lady, her father was an artist of considerable ability, and to him she owed the early training which has so often been of difficult access to other women.

As an animal painter, she has long been acknowledged to be almost without a peer; and as to her wonderful success as a landscape artist, allow me to quote what Rev. De Witt Talmage writes concerning a "Hay-gathering Scene" by Miss Bonheur, which he found in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris. He says: "After looking for hours upon belmets, and swords, and robes, and trim parterres, where grass does not grow without asking the gardener, and there are impossible horses on impossible roads carrying impossible riders, I came across this country scene: in imagination I threw myself down on the grass, and unbuttoned my shirt collar to let the air of the fields strike the skin clear down to the chest." After giving a vivid description of this remarkable picture, he concludes as follows: "The next best

Bonheur in a picture-gallery plunge us into a hay-field."

Recently, an English lady has caused a great sensation by the execution of a large painting of undoubted merit, representing, if I am not mistaken, a charge of cavalry. As she is "only a woman," certain critics have claimed that her famous picture owes its notoriety solely to the fact that it was admired by the Prince of Wales; but, remembering the bitter opposition which masculine artists have so often shown to the women who are their rivals, this captious criticism should receive but little attention from people of candor.

Time and again have the paintings of lady artists been denied admission when public exhibitions were to be made of various artistic works. In some instances, women who have had their pictures rejected have afterwards sent paintings under assumed masculine names, and they were cordially received. Not only in England and on the continent, but also in our own boasted land of freedom, have women been shut out from a due recognition of the success which they have won in

spite of every opposing force.

No doubt the portrait of General Thomas, painted by Miss Caroline Ransom, which has been so highly commended, would have been purchased long ago by Congress, had it been the work of a man. Congressmen have by no means forgotten the "hetcheting" which they received for commissioning Vinnie Ream to execute a statue of Abraham Lincoln. I do not pronounce Miss Ream's work a success, having never seen it, yet I dare say it is quite equal to the marble effigies of eminent men which abound in different parts of the country, mostly valuable as enduring monuments of the unskilfulness of their masculine authors.

A few harmless newspaper squibs have occasionally "shown up" the tameness and mediocrity of certain knights of the mallet and chisel, but if a young woman dares to call herself a sculptor, and then lucks the merits of a Canova, the men who "sculp"—might it not better be written scalp on such occasions?—and the men who write, forthwith make the welkin ring with their maledictions upon the heads of those who presume to patronize women artists.

A great many would-be witticisms were launched at Miss Ream, the "sculping female," as she was politely termed. What would the old fogies do without that word, which applies equally to one-half the brute creation? Even Hiram Powers wrote sneeringly of Miss Ream, though

he had never seen any of her works.

Our grand, indomitable Harriet Hosmer, sculptors have long been compelled to acknowledge as a formidable rival. She has literally hewn her way to fame and wealth. A study of anatomy being necessary to her chosen profession, Miss Hosmer applied for admission to various medical colleges, but was refused. At last she was admitted at St. Louis, and before leaving America received a diploma from the college for her attainments in anatomical studies. Reaching Rome at the age of twenty-two, she became the pupil of the noted English sculptor, Gibson, and very soon aston-

ished her warmest admirers with her careful copies of the antique and her wonderful original designs,

Concerning those early days, Miss Hosmer writes as follows: "I honor every woman who has strength enough to step out of the beaten path, when she feels that her work lies in anotherstrength enough to stand up to be laughed at it necessary. That is a bitter pill we must all swallow in the beginning; but I regard these pills as tonics quite essential to our salvation. That invigorator was administered to me very plentifully by some of my brother artists on my arrival at Rome, but when the learned doctors changed their treatment, and declared I did not do my own work, I felt I must have made some progress in my art, otherwise they would not have been so ready to attribute that work to one of their own sex."

Many of Miss Hosmer's marbles have become world-renowned; her "Beatrice Cenci sleeping in her cell," has received the highest encomiums, and her instructor, Gibson, is said to have remarked upon seeing it completed: "I can teach

her nothing."

Her colossal statue of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, is considered a most remarkable work of art. When on exhibition in London, the critics admitted its great merit, but denied that it could have been the work of a moman.

Of her "Sleeping Fawn," Sir Charles Eastlake said: "If it had been discovered among the ruins of Rome or Pompeii, it would have been pronounced one of the best of the Grecian statues."

Concerning her design for a "Lincoln Monument," the London Art Journal writes: "With the exception of the great monument to Frederick the Great, at Berlin, by Rauch, the Lincoln Monument is the grandest recognition of the art of sculpture that has been offered to our age."

Miss Hosmer is not only an artist of the highest rank, but she is said to be a brilliant conversationalist and a writer of good ability. She is a staunch friend to other women artists and bravely defends them against the detractions of their

jealous brothers.

Of her own experience in this respect she writes:
"Few artists who have been in any degree successful, enjoy the truly friendly regard of their professional brothers, but a woman artist, who has been honored by frequent commissions, is an object of peculiar odium."

If such be the case in regard to the women artists of this age, what must have been the contempt that was heaped upon them in by-gone days, and how neglectful historians have been of the claims of the few who did achieve undoubted success. While all well-read people are familiar with the names of the leading masculine sculptors of the past, probably but very few are aware that a woman, Sabina Von Steinbach, adorned the famous cathedral at Strasburg, and that her sculptured groups are to-day the objects of admiration.

diploma from the college for her attainments in anatomical studies. Reaching Rome at the age of twenty-two, she became the pupil of the noted English sculptor, Gibson, and very soon aston-

men in these professions.

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It cannot be denied that thus far, men have written the best music, as women have not received as thorough musical culture as have men, and from the reception of their efforts in other directions, it would not be supposed that their musical compositions, however worthy, would have been favorably received. In executing music with the voice, women can certainly claim pre-eminence, and remembering the wonderful violinist, Camilla Urso, whose youthful efforts were surely never excelled by any boy prodigy, and the undoubted merit of Alida Topp, Arabella Goddard, Marie Krebs and others, as pianists, it would seem that women may fairly claim more than "one-tenth" of all "musical performance worthy the name of art."

A distinguished American gentleman residing in New York, who had had opportunities to hear the finest performers who have visited this country, once told me that the most wonderful pianist he had ever heard was a woman, yet the world knows nothing of her excellence, as she has always utterly refused to appear before the public.

Less than forty years ago, men were claiming that they alone were masters of the art of oratory; since then their self-complacency has been sadly disturbed by the advent of a host of womanly rivals. Lucretia Mott, the sisters Grimké, Abby Kelley Foster, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone, as the prominent pioneers in opening this profession to women, received the grossest abuse and contumely. When the wonderful genius of the youthful Anna Dickenson first astonished the people, she found her pathway anything but a flowery one. Had any American lad evinced such remarkable oratorical powers, he would at once have become the idol of the nation, but though Miss Dickenson achieved success more rapidly than has any other lady orator, she met with many discouragements, because of the prejudice against woman as a public speaker. Today we can proudly point to her and the eloquent Mary A. Livermore, as without superiors in the domain of oratory, while many other women are fully equal to the majority of the successful aspirants for platform honors among men.

It is a very unwelcome task for some men to admit that women are deservedly excelling in this profession. It used to be a common thing to hear it insinuated that Anna Dickenson's lectures were prepared by Wendell Phillips and other eminent gentlemen.

Mrs. Livermore relates that she once overheard two men-neither of whom could speak correct English-discussing her lecture on "Queen Elizabeth," and one of them was positive that "that woman never writ that lectur, for what does a woman know 'bout guvment."

A lawyer was heard to remark concerning an address delivered by the writer in a Western Ohio town, "She never wrote that lecture; some shrewd man prepared it for her, and she has learned it."

Not only must a woman acquit herself far more creditably upon the platform than is necessary for

silence the claim that women cannot compete with then she is liable to be accused of "borrowing her jewels" of thought. When an equality of merit is admitted, it by no means implies an equality of patronage, for, to use the words of a prominent American woman, "Lecture committees are still shy of putting women on lecture courses equally with men."

When Emily Faithful came to this country, a few years ago, she had but few calls from lyceums, yet I have been assured by a lady of fine culture and eminent oratorical ability that Miss Faithful was a far abler lecturer than the English men, who are so popular with the average committee-

Says the editor quoted: "Does it not yet remain true that concerts and picture-galleries, not to speak of book-stores and library associations, would waste their sweetness on the desert air were it not for the patronage and encouragement of women?"

The same may be said of our popular lecture courses, yet as men and not women usually have the management of these things, it is considered quite a matter of masculine condescension if a semi-occasional opportunity is given for the exhibition of woman's ability. Is it not quite time that cultivated women, to whose patronage these fine arts and professions owe so much of their success, insist that the merits of their own sex be more fully recognized?

Let them retain a share of the "chestnuts" themselves, instead of handing them all over to their big brothers. Human nature is sufficiently selfish, without any proffered assistance in the line of "cats'-paws."

As writers, women now occupy a prominent and honored position in the world, yet people of much less than patriarchal age can remember when a literary woman, or "blue-stocking," was looked upon as an abnormal specimen of humanity. Very many ladies, aware of the prejudice against their sex, have chosen men's names for nom de plumes, as Charlotte Bronte, who was first known as Currer Bell, George Eliot, George Sand, Gail Hamilton, Howard Glyndon, Saxe Holm and others.

Even within the last dozen years, if any of the young women graduating from the numerous seminaries and fewer colleges which are open to them, presented essays of striking thought and fine literary merit-instead of the goody-goody style of school-girl compositions, which were alone considered "truly womanly"-the newspaper men at once patronizingly announced that they were "almost worthy of masculine pens."

But the barriers to the highest culture and most complete success are fast being removed from woman's pathway, and, as dear Mrs. Livermore says: "The day is soon coming when it will be just as fortunate to be born a woman as to be born a man."

Women in the various professions will receive their just reward, and the unknown "keepers at home" will no longer be simply counted "convenient drudges," when good housekeeping is enumerated, as it should be, among the fine arts. a man, who secures like commendation, but even For several years I have felt that this vocation,

requiring such a variety of talents in order to achieve perfection, and so essential to the happiness and comfort of mankind, had held a "humble position" quite long enough. Therefore, while all true women should rejoice exceedingly because of the honors of a Harriet Hosmer, a Rosa Bonheur, a Mary Livermore and an Elizabeth Barrett Browning, let them also more highly esteem and carefully cultivate the fine art of housekeeping. In this profession "the brethren" will doubtless be willing to accord us some degree of success; nay, more, perhaps would grant us the privilege of monopolizing it; but let us have no exclusiveness, no shutting men out in the cold for their past misdeeds. If, as Dr. John Todd wrote, a few years ago, men can cook better than women, for one, I am perfectly willing they should exercise their gift.

All I claim for my sex is "fair play." Sensible women do not ask for chivalrous favors, but they do demand justice.

#### THE SONG.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

All in the autumn time,
A little love-sick poem—
Some lovely poet's rhyme.
One glanced it lightly over—
"Oh, what a love-lorn wail."
One hid it in her bosom;
She understood its tale.

There came another autumn— Oh, it were passing strange If any year departed And left no solemn change, Love is a bird of passage; It comes, but not to stay; It sings a song of summer, And then it flies away.

Like some stray leaf of autumn,
The little rhyme once more
Was blown unto the maidens,
Who read it as before.
But she who called it love-lorn,
And laughed the laugh of youth,
Cried, "Oh, the sweet, sweet verses,
They are as true as truth."

So poets sing forever,
And when the song is sung,
To half the hearts that hear it,
It is an unknown tongue.
But pain, who can explain it,
Comes by and by along,
And he interprets fully
The meaning of the song.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER,"-MATT. x., 42.

SMALL service is *true* service while it lasts:
Of deeds, however humble, spurn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

#### SUNSET ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MARY N. HAWLEY,

LONG the shores of far-famed Galilee,
The day in dying folds the dun rocks in
A softened haze. Beyond, the barren plains
Uplift unpeopled deserts from the sea,
In patient waiting for unbidden rains.
Ev'n snow-crowned Hermon fades into the dim,
Soft distance. Here, some ruined cities lie
Upon the pebbled shores, their broken walls
Lapped by the sacred waves; their quiet streets
Unguarded, save by lonely, dark-plumed palms.
Now with the falling night deep silence falls
And broods o'er Genessaret. Outlines meet
And melt together, gaining greater charms
Through faintness; Galilee grows dark as wine
Below the hills that frame an opal sky.

Through settling dusk one lustrous star flames out,

And arrows beams of light along the line
Of Galilee. Another burns on high,
And soon the darkling, rarely-tinted sky,
Star-gemmed, bends o'er the solitary sea,
Which shivers back the light from shifting waves,
In broken gleams, and star-beams sliding out.

O sacred sea! that by Divine command Upbore the blessed Jesus on thy breast; Thou, whose bright shores the Master's feet have

So many centuries agone—give back Some token of the years that are no more; Some sign of blessing dropped by that dear hand, Which, lifted, turned the tempests from their track;

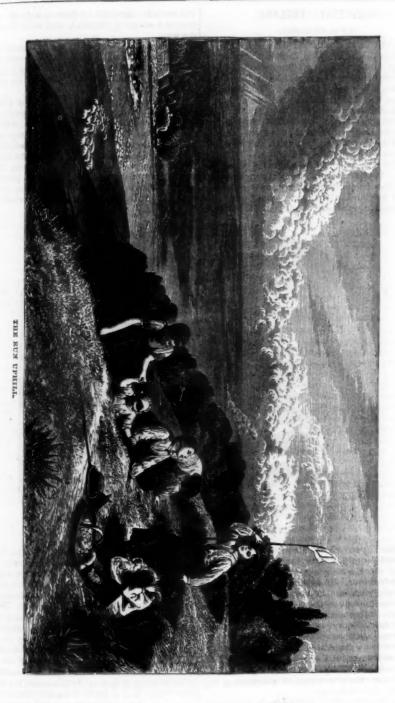
Some whisper of that mystery Divine You desolate hills witnessed on this shore; Some certain comfort for all future time, Some glory for all nations to adore.

Most rash! the nearness of antiquity Rebukes the wish to know what must not be; And only warm winds stir the sleeping sea That holds the key to much of mystery.

#### THE RUN UPHILL.

NE of the most pleasing of English landscape painters is Birket Foster, a copy of one of whose pictures is here given. His paintings and his designs on wood are always illustrative of English rural life, and are full of the fresh beauty of leafy coverts, translucent streams, thatched cottages, browsing flocks and herds, and merry children.

"The Run Uphill," as the present picture is called, is one of his happiest efforts. There is a luminous sky; a far-reaching yet gently undulating distance, varied by field, wood and stream; a winding flock and a grove in the middle distance; and in the foreground a troop of children who are wearly and breathlessly finishing their ascent up the steep hill-side. The picture is full of light and life.



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#### GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND.

BY E. CHARDON.

LOUCESTER is the shire town of Gloucestershire, of Western England. This shire is remarkable for its beauty and fertility. It is divided into three distinct districts, the natural features of each being different. These are the Hill, the Vale and the Forest Districts. In the first is included the Coteswold or Cotswold Hills. The second consists of low and fertile meadow lands lying along the Severn. The third is on the west of the Severn, and of which the Forest of Dean forms the principal part.

The City of Gloucester is situated upon the Severn. It is a cathedral town of much beauty, and is also a popular watering-place for that section of England. It contains some important manufacturing interests; but its business is largely found here.

The town is connected by railway with the north, east and south of England, and with Wales on the west.

The cathedral is of quite ancient construction, and presents examples of several different eras of ecclesiastic architecture. It was formerly a Benedictine abbey, but was converted to its present use in 1541.

The section of which Gloucester is now the centre was, previous to the Roman invasion, inhabited by a tribe called the Dobuni. After that event it was included in the province named Flavia Cusariensis. This region has been, through all the epochs of English history, the scene of many struggles. There are numerous Roman relies in camps, roads, pottery, coins, pavements and fragments of statuary; and there are also traces of British, Saxon and Danish works to be found here.



THE BERKELEY AND GLOUCESTER SHIP CANAL.

maritime. It is connected with the open part of the Severn by means of the Berkeley and Gloucester ship canal, which is navigable for vessels of six hundred tons. This canal is seventeen miles in length, with one thousand feet of wharves, which communicate directly with the several railways. The canal communicates with the Severn below Sharpless Point, near Berkeley, a small town southwest of Gloucester, being chiefly remarkable as the site of a castle, the ruins of which still stand, and in which Edward II. was murdered, in 1327, by Maltravers and Gourney. Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was also buried in Berkeley.

Gloucester has a large foreign trade, principally with the Baltic and Black Seas with Canada, the Wart Indies and France. Its coasting trade is still larger, numbering several thousand vessels.

Gloucester was the Caer Glow of the Britons, the Colona Glevum of the Romans and the Glean-Ceaster of the Saxons, from whence its present name is derived. It was at this place that the single combat between Edmund Ironsides and the Danish Canute is said to have occurred. William I. repeatedly visited the town; and Queen Matilda sought it for refuge and support during her contest with Stephen. Here Henry III. was crowned; and here parliaments were held under Richard II, and Henry IV. The town sided with parliament in the civil war against Charles I. It was the home of Robert of Gloucester, the metrical historian. It is a place of especial interest to the historian, the antiquarian and the archæologist; and these facts, added to its natural beauty, combine to make it one of the most attractive spots in

#### NORTHERN ITALY.

BY C.

PLEASANT way of leaving Switzerland for Italy is to sail down Lake Como. which, on account of its beauty, is the most celebrated of all the lakes of North Italy. The lake from Novate to the episcopal city of Como is thirty-eight miles. A few miles down the lake may be seen, just below the summit of one of the dark Italian mountains on the west, an immense cavern, part of its rear breadth pierced through, showing the sky on the other side, which, being white, appears at first sight like The shores of the lake are covered with palatial villas and feudal castles; the site of Pliny's villa, and the elegant place long the residence of Queen Caroline of England, are plainly seen. The city of Como, at the extremity of the lake, has an elevation of seven hundred feet, in a delightful valley surrounded by hills, covered with gardens and with orange and chestnut groves. The chief edifices are built entirely of marble, and decorated with numerous works of art. There is a museum of antiquities, and the usual public buildings. Como was a place of importance under the Romans, and the birthplace of the two Plinys and of Volta.

On the railway from Como, nine miles before you come to Milan, is Monza, on the river Lambro, which is crossed by three bridges. Its site is elevated, and its air very pure and healthy. In early times it was surrounded by walls, flanked with bastions and defended by a castle, but these have almost entirely disappeared, as in most others of these modern cities, and great improvements have been made by levelling and planting the ramparts. The Cathedral of St. John is a beautiful structure. It was built by the celebrated Lombard queen, Theodolinda. It is adorned by numerous sculptures and paintings, and rich in curious and interesting gifts bestowed by the queen and others. There are other handsome churches and public buildings, also the palace in which the Viceroy of Milan resides in summer.

Monza flourished under the Romans, but did not attain its highest prosperity till the Lombards fortified and embellished it, and made it the capital of their kingdom. It is now a dependency of Milan. The Iron Crown, the oldest of the crowns of Europe, was in the sixth century sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Queen Theodolinda. It has been kept in the Cathedral of St. John for centuries. There is but very little iron in the erown. It is a broad, flat ring of gold, adorned with enameled flowers and precious stonesemeralds, sapphires and rubies in their rough, uncut form as they came from the mine; and within this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name. Tradition asserts that this iron is one of the nails of the true cross made into a ring. Many have denied the truth of this statement, and brought many arguments against it which appear reasonable. The German emperors first received the

golden crown of the empire from the pope at Rome.

In 1859, the Austrians took the iron crown to Vienna, but seven years after, when Venetia was ceded to Italy, it was restored to St. John's Church at Monza, where it remains with the other treasures of Queen Theodolinda,

Monza, from its Alpine slopes, looks down on imperial Milan, which in the reign of the Cassars was the next city to Rome, in all Italy, in splendor and influence, if not in population; but in the fifth century it was plundered and burned by Attila, It was soon rebuilt, and was, and is, just the place for a great trading city, seated upon an extension of the great, luxuriant, fertile valley of the Po. For centuries it has been a place of extensive business. The present Milan is a modern city when compared with many in Italy, and it is the gayest and most fashionable. Its population is two hundred and thirty thousand. There are but very few beggars, which is quite a relief to travellers. The streets are cheerful, and show long lines of stately buildings. It is a highly prosper-The fertility of the ous and gay metropolis. country around, and Milan's commanding commercial position, account for the many contests that have been waged for its possession by foreign powers. Three centuries ago, and for some time after, it belonged to Spain. Then to Austria a hundred years. Then it was the capital of the Cis-Alpine republic four years, till the battle of Marengo, to fight which Napoleon had to get his army and artillery over the Alps in two divisions, under himself by the St. Bernard pass, and under Macdonald by the Splugen. And it was a terribly hard-fought battle. When the Austrian host broke in confusion, they fled for the river: many were drowned, and whole divisions surrendered. Napoleon slept on the battle-field. The railroad to Alexandria now runs directly over it. The battle was on June 14, 1800. Milan was then capital of Napoleon's kingdom of Italy fifteen years. Then it went back under Austrian rule, till Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel restored it to the kingdom of Italy by the battle of Magenta.

Though Milan is prosperous and gay, it is very slow about its Cathedral. It was begun five hundred years ago, and is not yet finished; the sculptors are constantly at work on some of its innumerable pinnacles, or upon statues to poise upon the turrets and delicate spires that shoot upward from a thousand flying buttresses and points in the Gothic architecture. Over four thousand of these statues are now in place; and when you go out upon the dizzying roof, higher than many lofty church spires in the city, about five hundred feet long and two hundred broad, you find yourself surrounded by this bewildering army of saints, virgins and other select society. Several hundred more statues are to be placed on pinnacles not vet erected, and four or five thousand are to people the niches in the interior walls, most of which are in their places. None have been accepted from other than the finest sculptors, four of the outside ones being the work of the great silver crown by the tomb of Charlemagne; then Canova. A correct idea of the stupendous dimensecond, the iron crown at Milan; and third, the sions, the incomparable architecture and elaborate

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ornamentation of this monarch of Gothic structures, could not be obtained without weeks of observation, and it cannot be imparted by any book or picture. There never was a mass of anything that so eludes all art of representation to the mind as the Milan Cathedral. What idea can be had of a beatific dream, but in dreaming it? So the beauties of this Milan marble marvel become eclipsed in the language that would express them, as dimly as in the "Eclipse of the Sun," of which Wordsworth wrote:

"And Fancy, with her glowing fires, Hath fled to Milan's lofty spires, And there alights, 'mid that aerial host Of figures, human and divine, White as the snows of Appenine, Indurated by frost.

"Awe-stricken she beholds the array That guards the temple night and day, Far-stretching files, concentric rings, Each narrowing above each :- the wings: The uplifted palms; the silent, marble lips; The starry sone of sovereign height-All steeped in this portentious light-All suffering dim eclipse,

To come to the verge of the square, and suddenly to have this magnificent vision loom out before you, at a moment when you are not thinking of it, almost paralyzes you. There it is, as if a Niagara-sized cataract of milk had burst upward from the earth, four or five hundred feet, and frozen while falling into a million crispy icicles. and an interminable intricacy of frosty lace-work. Its unrecorded and incalculable costliness has been defrayed by funds raised by various devices and contributed from various motives. The original name was, a "Church to the Mother of God." and on her account the people brought their offerings and money freely. Their ardor, or their means, finally became less, when Galeazzo Visconti took up the work and spent a vast sum to expiate his great crimes. Under the Spanish governor fines from criminals helped it along. Then another time of lavish free-will offerings from the people, for Mary's sake. Next, another uneasy old sinner, on his death-bed, paid toward it the enormous price of three hundred thousand crowns, to make a sure thing of getting into Heaven. After all this, Napoleon I, took the work in hand, as a matter of imperial taste, splendor and ambition, and expended considerably over one million dollars on it, or one-twentieth of its estimated cost up to that time. Since then, it is said, five millions of dollars have been added to its cost. If a single block was ever laid upon it for the love of God, it is not easy to see where it came in.

This magnificent structure is inferior only to St. Peter's at Rome. The floor is formed of marble of different colors, disposed in various figures; paintings by the most celebrated masters adorn the walls, and the groups of figures sketched on the windows are of a size and boldness probably unequalled in the world.

There are many other churches well worth describing, each remarkable for its historical associations, but the only remaining object of all that was in the ancient Roman city are the walls of the from the dark to the bright side of life; for how-

Church of St. Ambrogio, founded by St. Ambrose. in the fourth century, on the foundation walls of a temple of Bacchus. It contains many ancient epitaphs and other relics. The German emperors. from Charlemagne to Charles V., received the iron crown in this church. In 1805, Napoleon I. assembled his royal and imperial allies here, and placed the iron crown on his own head, in their presence, repeating its proud motto, "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it." It has not been used since.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

#### BE PATIENT UNDER BURDENS.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

ARDON me, Mrs, Glenn, but I can think of nothing in reply to your remarks more expressive of my feelings than the words of Job: 'I also could speak as you do, if your soul were in my soul's stead," and then, as she noticed the flush of pain upon her friend's face. called forth by her ungracious remark, she added, with less of bitterness in her tone, as she turned a sadly clouded face to the window and gazed, not on the little pot of monthly roses with its halfdozen bright flowers, on the sill, nor on the neat little front yard with its emerald carpet of tenderest grass, flecked with snowdrops and crocuses, and flooded with bright sunshine, but away to the dark, sombre, leafless forest beyond, just as we sometimes turn our eyes from the sweet blossomings of love and peace that cluster in our path, and let them rest upon the dark, rugged outlines of our troubles and mishaps, till our hearts ache, and we are ready to faint: "I suppose it were better, as you say, to make the best of what cannot be helped, and soothe ourselves with the comforts which we do possess, provided," she added, more bitterly, "that we are able to dig them from the debris of vexation and worriment with which they are covered; but, my friend, with your peaceful, quiet surroundings, and nothing to disturb the even tenor of your life, you can form no conception of the difficulties that daily beset my feet. Your husband is a mechanic, and you are saved the labor of a farmer's wife, and then, besides, you have no children to distract and worry the life out of you-there now, I have hurt you with my thoughtless, cruel words," she said, as she saw her friend's face suddenly blanch, and there rose up before her a vision of that same face, as she had once seen it, white, and tearless, and set with a look of utter woe and helplessness, bending over the double coffin which contained all that was left of her heart's chief treasures. "Do forgive me. I don't see how I could be so heartless; but I am sadly out of sorts to-day, and you are always so quiet and cheerful that I forget that you have ever passed under the shadows."

"I know your lot is far from being an easy one, Mary," said her friend, soothingly, but with a quiver in her voice, "and I hope you will not think me unfeeling in my remarks, or that I underestimate your trials. I saw you were disheartened and thought to help you by calling your attention

ever hard one's lot may be, there is always something left to be thankful for, and there is always some one in the world who is worse off than ourselves, and it is better to endure patiently what cannot be cured, thankfully accepting whatever of good may come to us, than it is to brood over our sorrows and magnify our troubles till they become unendurable-which course is sure to bring many evils in its train, not the least of which is envy toward those whom we imagine are more favored than ourselves, and will sooner or later extract all the sweetness from our lives, and make us irritable and unlovely, as well as

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unhappy." "I know you are right, and you make me ashamed of myself; but what can I do? My time from early morning till late bed-time is occupied, I might say crowded, with cares and labors, leaving no margin for rest, or the cultivation of what is best-if there is anything best in my nature. What with the care of the dairy, workfolks and half a dozen remping, boisterous children, I am nearly crazed. It is nothing but 'mother, mother,' from morning till night. 'Mother, when will dinner be ready?' 'Mother, where is my hat? Where are my books? Have you seen my ball? Where shall I find my coat?' And when utterly exhausted with the day's labor, I throw myself into a chair, thinking to rest for a few moments, a shrill, piping voice chimes in with, 'O mother, now you are sitting down you can mend my pants and sew the buttons on my vest,' And when, after an hour's hard work on the kitchen floor, I am busying myself in the dairy-room, the clatter of feet in the kitchen, and the sound of uproarious laughter, causes me to hasten to the spot, to find two or three little urchins with muddy boots from the barn-yard or ploughed field, chasing one another up and down the clean room, treating each other to little shower-baths from dippers of rainwater. Oh, dear! And then the house must be kept tidy from top to bottom, the linen spotless, the meals must be on time, little garments must be kept in trim, every string and button in place, and a thousand other things must be kept in motion; if I should cease from my vigilance for half an hour, the whole machinery would run down."

"You are a very careful mother," Mrs. Glenn replied in her quiet way. "And right here two queries present themselves to my mind. The first is, why do you attempt to do all this alone? It is quite too much for one pair of hands, and your husband is abundantly able to supply needful

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ornamentation of this monarch of Gothic structures, could not be obtained without weeks of observation, and it cannot be imparted by any book or picture. There never was a mass of anything that so eludes all art of representation to the mind as the Milan Cathedral. What idea can be had of a beatific dream, but in dreaming it? So the beauties of this Milan marble marvel become eclipsed in the language that would express them, as dimly as in the "Eclipse of the Sun," of which Wordsworth wrote:

- "And Fancy, with her glowing fires, Hath fled to Milan's lofty spires, And there alights, 'mid that aerial host Of figures, human and divine, White as the snows of Appenine, Indurated by frost.
- "Awe-stricken she beholds the array That guards the temple night and day, Far-stretching files, concentric rings, Each narrowing above each ;-the wings; The uplifted palms; the silent, marble lips; The starry sone of sovereign height-All steeped in this portentious light-All suffering dim eclipse.

To come to the verge of the square, and suddenly to have this magnificent vision loom out before you, at a moment when you are not thinking of it, almost paralyzes you. There it is, as if a Niagara-sized cataract of milk had burst upward from the earth, four or five hundred feet, and frozen while falling into a million crispy icicles, and an interminable intricacy of frosty lace-work, Its unrecorded and incalculable costliness has been defrayed by funds raised by various devices and contributed from various motives. The original name was, a "Church to the Mother of God," and on her account the people brought their offerings and money freely. Their ardor, or their means, finally became less, when Galeazzo Visconti took up the work and spent a vast sum to expiate his great crimes. Under the Spanish governor fines from criminals helped it along. Then another time of lavish free-will offerings from the people, for Mary's sake. Next, another uneasy old sinner, on his death-bed, paid toward it the enormous price of three hundred thousand crowns, to make a sure thing of getting into Heaven. After all this, Napoleon I. took the work in hand, as a matter of imperial taste, splendor and ambition, and expended considerably over one million dollars on it, or one-twentieth of its estimated cost up to that time, Since then, it is said, five millions of dollars have been added to its cost. If a single block was ever laid upon it for the love of God, it is not easy to see where it came in.

This magnificent structure is inferior only to St. Peter's at Rome, The floor is formed of marble of different colors, disposed in various figures; paintings by the most celebrated masters adorn the walls, and the groups of figures sketched on the windows are of a size and boldness probably unequalled in the world.

There are many other churches well worth describing, each remarkable for its historical associations, but the only remaining object of all that was in the ancient Roman city are the walls of the from the dark to the bright side of life; for how-

Church of St. Ambrogio, founded by St. Ambrose. in the fourth century, on the foundation walls of a temple of Bacchus. It contains many ancient epitaphs and other relics. The German emperors, from Charlemagne to Charles V., received the iron crown in this church. In 1805, Napoleon I. assembled his royal and imperial allies here, and placed the iron crown on his own head, in their presence, repeating its proud motto, "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it." It has not been used since.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

#### BE PATIENT UNDER BURDENS.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

ARDON me, Mrs. Glenn, but I can think of nothing in reply to your remarks more expressive of my feelings than the words of Job: 'I also could speak as you do, if your soul were in my soul's stead," and then, as she noticed the flush of pain upon her friend's face, called forth by her ungracious remark, she added, with less of bitterness in her tone, as she turned a sadly clouded face to the window and gazed, not on the little pot of monthly roses with its halfdozen bright flowers, on the sill, nor on the neat little front yard with its emerald carpet of tenderest grass, flecked with snowdrops and crocuses, and flooded with bright sunshine, but away to the dark, sombre, leafless forest beyond, just as we sometimes turn our eyes from the sweet blossomings of love and peace that cluster in our path, and let them rest upon the dark, rugged outlines of our troubles and mishaps, till our hearts ache, and we are ready to faint: "I suppose it were better, as you say, to make the best of what cannot be helped, and soothe ourselves with the comforts which we do possess, provided," she added, more bitterly, "that we are able to dig them from the debris of vexation and worriment with which they are covered; but, my friend, with your peaceful, quiet surroundings, and nothing to disturb the even tenor of your life, you can form no conception of the difficulties that daily beset my feet. Your husband is a mechanic, and you are saved the labor of a farmer's wife, and then, besides, you have no children to distract and worry the life out of you-there now, I have hurt you with my thoughtless, cruel words," she said, as she saw her friend's face suddenly blanch, and there rose up before her a vision of that same face, as she had once seen it, white, and tearless, and set with a look of utter woe and helplessness, bending over the double coffin which contained all that was left of her heart's chief treasures. "Do forgive me. I don't see how I could be so heartless; but I am sadly out of sorts to-day, and you are always so quiet and cheerful that I forget that you have ever passed under the shadows."

"I know your lot is far from being an easy one, Mary," said her friend, soothingly, but with a quiver in her voice, "and I kope you will not think me unfeeling in my remarks, or that I underestimate your trials. I saw you were disheartened and thought to help you by calling your attention

ever hard one's lot may be, there is always something left to be thankful for, and there is always some one in the world who is worse off than ourselves, and it is better to endure patiently what cannot be cured, thankfully accepting whatever of good may come to us, than it is to brood over our sorrows and magnify our troubles till they become unendurable—which course is sure to bring many evils in its train, not the least of which is envy toward those whom we imagine are more favored than ourselves, and will sooner or later extract all the sweetness from our lives, and make us irritable and unlovely, as well as

unhappy."

"I know you are right, and you make me ashamed of myself; but what can I do? My time from early morning till late bed-time is occupied, I might say crowded, with cares and labors, leaving no margin for rest, or the cultivation of what is best-if there is anything best in my nature. What with the care of the dairy, workfolks and half a dozen romping, boisterous children, I am nearly crazed. It is nothing but 'mother, mother,' from morning till night. 'Mother, when will dinner be ready?' 'Mother, where is my hat? Where are my books? Have you seen my ball? Where shall I find my coat?' And when utterly exhausted with the day's labor, I throw myself into a chair, thinking to rest for a few moments, a shrill, piping voice chimes in with, 'O mother, now you are sitting down you can mend my pants and sew the buttons on my vest.' And when, after an hour's hard work on the kitchen floor. I am busying myself in the dairy-room, the clatter of feet in the kitchen, and the sound of uproarious laughter, causes me to hasten to the spot, to find two or three little urchins with muddy boots from the barn-yard or ploughed field, chasing one another up and down the clean room, treating each other to little shower-baths from dippers of rainwater. Oh, dear! And then the house must be kept tidy from top to bottom, the linen spotless, the meals must be on time, little garments must be kept in trim, every string and button in place, and a thousand other things must be kept in motion; if I should cease from my vigilance for half an hour, the whole machinery would run down."

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the utmost of my ability. You can't think how discouraged I was when you came, but I feel thought it possible to do again, at least as long better now, a glimmering of hope seems to light as the care of a household rested upon my up my future, and my burden of care has shoulders.

decreased within an hour more than I ever

# The Story-Telley.

#### MIRIAM:\*

AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXII.

N the year or two that followed, but little of interest to the readers of this story occurred in the lives of its principal characters. Edward Cleveland and his wife had drawn farther and farther from each other, their coldness and indifference steadily increasing; and but for their children, would have drifted apart on separate currents. So far as Mr. Cleveland knew, his wife had not again been seen in public with Frank Linton; but at parties, receptions or other social entertainments where both happened to be present, he was always annoyed by the intimacy that seemed to exist between them.

While the life of Mr. Cleveland was steadily withdrawing itself from the world, and losing interest in its unsatisfying pleasures and excitements, that of his wife was becoming more absorbed and feverish. At home she was moody and ill-natured, but gay to abandonment when in society. She dressed with an extravagance that too often set good taste at defiance and drew upon herself criticism more frequently than admiration. Neither at home nor abroad was she any comfort to her husband; at home she hurt and fretted him, and abroad she mortified or humiliated him. As his life began rising to higher levels, hers began sinking lower and lower among base and common things; and so the distance between them widened and widened with every passing day.

Only a very few times in these two years of sore trial and discipline had he met Miriam face to face, and looked into her calm and beautiful eyes. The meetings had seemed accidental—were on the street-and did not go beyond a bow and glance of mutual recognition. But each was memorable with Edward as an inspiration to better ends. She was the power in his life that was steadily lifting him to higher spheres. Not that he thought of her in any hope that she could ever be more to him, happen what might, than a pure spirit living beyond the region of human passion. He had turned from her in her days of darkness and sorrow-turned from her when he loved her above all women, and knew that she loved him, and took to his bosom one of a lower and meaner nature-so putting between himself and her an impassable gulf. He was still groveling upon the earth, hot with its fever and disturbed by its un-

rest, while she dwelt far above him in a serener atmosphere.

No, Edward Cleveland thought not of Miriam but as one lifted far away from him, and lost to him forever. Still, his soul turned to her as the flower to the sun. She was the inspiration of his life. The strong, attractive force that was perpetually drawing him away from lower things. A strange sense of her presence with him, and knowledge of all his thoughts and purposes, grew ever more and more distinct, and he was beginning to set watch and guard in his mind so that nothing he would hide from her might enter or get control.

Neddy had grown finely, and was a bright, handsome little fellow of eight years, so changed in character that he would never have been recognized as the self-willed, obstinate, troublesome boy whom even his own mother had not hesitated to call the worst child she had ever seen. Unless prevented by sickness or unusually bad weather, he never failed in attendance at Sunday school, and never seemed so happy as when he could be near his patient, loving teacher, whose influence over him was unbounded. Mrs. Cleveland, from some cause not clearly apparent; came often to see Miriam, always manifesting, when they met, a cordiality of feeling which, if not genuine, was an exceedingly well-wrought counterfeit. She never laid any impediment in the way of her children, all of whom had become frequent visitors at Miriam's, and all of whom showed more real affection for her than they did for their mother.

"It's a downright imposition, I know," she would sometimes say, in weak apology, "but they tease the life out of me if I don't let them come to see you." Or, "I don't know what's to be done about it. Poor little Blanche cried all day yesterday because I said No." Or, "You must send them home if they come too often."

Of course, Miriam never did send them home: she loved and sympathized with children too much for that; and these children especially seemed more to her than any others, not of her own flesh and blood. A care and concern for them rested on her mind continually. It seemed to her, often, as if their well-being was in her hands, and that the measure of her influence over them would be the measure of their happiness in the future.

Aunt Mercy was not satisfied with this state of things. She saw how, day by day, the heart of Miriam was drawn out more and more towards these children, and her life becoming absorbed into their lives. She knew that the old love for their father was not extinguished; only buried under the ashes of ruined hopes which some

<sup>\*</sup> Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

sudden blast might sweep away, and leave the embers red and glowing. She feared for the effect this would have upon Miriam. The old life which she had laid down was not dead, only quiescent, and held beneath and subordinate to the new spiritual life that had been born in her soul, and under the influence of which she was giving herself for the good of others. She did not stand wholly free from danger. None ever so stand in this world. There was, besides, to Aunt Mercy, something not quite seemly in this constant and loving intercourse between her nicee and Edward Cleveland's children, in whom her interest had become deeper and tenderer, she could see, than that of their own mother.

All these things Aunt Mercy had pondered in her heart, and now the grave question as to whether it were not best to remove from the city and take up their residence for a few years at Cambridge it having been determined that John, Miriam's brother, now ready for college, should enter Harvard—was discussed for awhile in her thoughts,

and at length suggested.

"Remove to Cambridge! Why, aunty dear!" was Miriam's surprised exclamation at so unlooked-for a proposal, "We can't break up

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"Why not? There are only you and I, and John and Ruth. We can live as cheaply in Cambridge as here; and then John will have his home, his sisters and his aunty. It will be best for your brother, Miriam. The temptations of college life are very great, and there is no safeguard like that of home."

Aunt Mercy saw the light go slowly out of

Miriam's face.

"I had not thought of this." There was a tone of conviction in Miriam's voice, but nothing of cheerful assent.

"It has been pressing itself upon my mind of late, and the more I think of it the more clearly does it seem our duty to go with your brother."

"But just see, aunty dear, what a breaking up it will be, and how many things will suffer if I go away. There's the Home, and the Mission School, and my boys' class on Sunday mornings, and the Poor Mothers' Sewing Society, and—and—what is to become of Neddy? Dear little fellow! It will break his heart to have me go away. Indeed, indeed, aunty, I don't see how I can leave the city."

God takes care of all the good work that is being done for humanity, and when by the voice of duty He calls any of His laborers to a new field, He fails not in provision for other faithful workers. I think, Miriam, that it will be best for us to go with John. Our nearer duties are the ones

most binding upon us."

They talked it all over, looking at it from all points of view, the conviction growing stronger and stronger with Miriam that Aunt Mercy was right; and yet her mind was oppressed with a reluctance to make the change that she could not shake off.

"What do you think of our breaking up here and going to live at Cambridge?" she said to her brother. "You're not in earnest!" he replied, his face brightening instantly.

"Would you like it?"

"Why, sister! How could you ask such a question? Like it! If you really mean to go, I'll say that it's the best news I've heard for a year. But are you really in earnest, Miriam?"

"Aunt Mercy and I have been talking it over."

"And what does Aunt Mercy say?"

"She's in favor of our going."

"And you, Miriam? What are you going to say about it?"

"Oh, I will say yes, of course."

But the voice in which the answer came had in it no heartiness.

"Don't you want to go, sister?" asked John, a shadow falling over his bright face.

"Whatever is best, I am always ready to do. But there is a great deal to keep me here."

"What, Miriam? There are only aunty, and you, and Ruth; and we can all be as happy together in Cambridge as here."

"If there were only ourselves. If I had only you and Ruth to care for."

"I don't know of any one else, Miriam." John

looked half wonderingly at his sister.

"There are more than a hundred poor women and children, to say nothing of the ten or fifteen little boys in my Sunday-school class, who will be sorry to have me go away."

There came into Miriam's voice a huskiness and tremor. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, yes, I know. But-"

John checked himself as he saw the quiver on

Miriam's lips.

"It will be hard for them," he added in a tone of genuine feeling. "And little Neddy Cleveland! Why it will break his heart to have you go away!"

Miriam caught her breath in the effort to repress a sob, and partly turned her face so that John might not see how greatly his reference to the child had disturbed her.

"Dear little fellow! I wish he could go with us," continued her brother.

Miriam made no answer, but remained very quiet, with her face still turned away.

The question as to their removal to Cambridge, when John should enter Harvard, was now fairly up, and, after due consideration, was decided affirmatively. Miriam was able to see her duty clearly, and when she saw it all hesitation was at an end.

It was only a few days after the final decision had been made, that she received a call from Mrs. Cleveland. This lady had been dropping in more frequently of late, and Miriam had noticed something in her manner that seemed strange and unsual. She always managed to turn the conversation to her children, and dwelt particularly on their great fondness for Miriam. And once referred to the old love that had existed between her husband and Miriam, adding, with a painful little gurgle in her throat which was meant for a laugh: "It's a great pity the match was ever broken off. I'm not fit to be his wife, and you are!"

Miriam was shocked, and Mrs. Cleveland, seeing that she had gone too far, apologized for her levity, and said that she didn't mean anything. It was only her light way of speaking. "But, you know," she continued, "that Mr. Cleveland and I don't get along together, and there's no help for it. We never were made for each other; and—and—"

She checked herself, a sudden flush of crimson burning over her face.

Miriam remembered this interview but too vividly. It left a painful impression of something more than simple disloyalty in thought, towards her husband, on the part of Mrs. Cleveland. And there came into her mind a vague impression that this woman had a purpose in her visits, but of the nature of this purpose she had no suspicion.

Mrs. Cleveland called upon Miriam, as we have said, a few days after they had settled the question of their removal to Cambridge.

"I shall have to stop coming here," she said, after the first greeting.

"Why so?" asked Mirlam, resting her calm,

clear eyes on the face of her visitor.

"Because you never return my calls. If it was any one but you, I'd have visit for visit. I get downright angry with myself for coming as I do; but it seems as if I couldn't help it—that I must see you every little while. Why won't you come to see me, Miss Ray? It isn't fair. And the children all love you so!"

"You are right well?" queried Miriam, in a

grave, sweet voice.

"Right well! Why didn't you answer me? No, I'm not right well! Don't you see how pale and thin I'm growing?"

"I had not observed it. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I can't tell. I'm as nervous as a witch.

Too much company and dissipation, I suppose,"
"Then why don't you live a quieter life? It is at home that we find our highest and purest pleasures,"

"At home!" There was a bitterness that was half-contempt and half-rejection in Mrs. Cleveland's voice. "If I depended on what I could find at home, I'd die of starvation in a week. Home!"

"Are not our homes just what we make them?" said Miriam.

"What if they are! Does that make a wretched, loveless home any the more pleasant to dwell in?"

"If the home be wretched through our own fault, may we not change its whole aspect if we will? If we have closed the windows and made all the chambers cold and dark, may we not throw them open again and let in the blessed sunshine?"

"Not always. To some it is impossible. To me it is impossible!"

"I cannot believe it. I will not believe it, Mrs. Cleveland. You have a good and honorable husband, and three as lovely children as any mother's heart could desire. Do you not love your children?"

Miriam saw a spasm in the face of her visitor, which passed quickly and left it almost ashen pale.

"Yes; I love them—God help me?" The voice came with an almost wailing cry.

"Let this love, then, my dear madam, create a new life in your home. Come back out of the world. It has nothing on which your heart can rest with any permanent satisfaction. Its promises are false; its pleasures hurt in the using; it leaves the heart empty and dissatisfied; it betrays too often. Come back, then. Give your life more to your children. Win, by kindly offices, a tenderer consideration from your husband."

"My husband! He hates me!" broke almost madly from the lips of Mrs. Cleveland. "And I don't wonder," she added, her voice falling to a lower key. "What am I to him? Nothing but an offence! He hates the sight of me! And I? The very sound of his key in the latch sends a quiver along my nerves; and his footfall on the stairs, at every coming home, is as if he were treading on my heart! You look horror-stricken; and no wonder. But I speak in solemn earnest, If it were not for my children, I'd break from him madly. The same roof should not cover us for an hour!"

Miriam was too much surprised and shocked to

make any reply.

"When people grow desperate, they are apt to do desperate things," resumed Mrs. Cleveland, after a brief silence. Her manner had changed; all her excitement having died out. She spoke calmly, but in a resolute way. "I am desperate, and find it difficult to keep wild purposes out of my heart. You would pity me if you knew all—all that I dare not tell."

A dreadful suspicion flashed across Miriam's mind. Turning suddenly towards Mrs. Cleveland, and laying a hand upon her, she said, with great earnestness, a warning in her voice: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

The unhappy woman drew away, a look of alarm in her eyes; but it was gone in an instant.

"What God hath joined together cannot be put asunder," she replied, huskily. "But what of that which He has not joined? What is to hold that together, if the inward stress and strain be too powerful?"

"The inward stress and strain can never be too great so long as the heart is loyal to duty," replied Miriam, answering to the meaning Mrs. Cleveland had purposed to convey. "And loyalty to duty, in a case like yours, where the husband is a true, and honorable, and generous-hearted man, can hardly fail in restoring to the heart its loyalty to love."

"Love!" There was an almost stinging contempt in the voice of Mrs. Cleveland.

"Pardon me, madam," answered Miriam, a cold rebuke in her voice, "but I would rather not hear you speak in this way. A wife should ho'd all that relates to the inner life of herself and husband as above all things sacred,"

Mrs. Cleveland feit the rebuke and was silent, Miriam changed the subject of conversation, mentioning, after awhile, the purpose of the family to remove to Cambridge and reside there until her brother had completed his college course. She was surprised at the effect this information produced on her visitor.

"Oh. no! no!" ejaculated Mrs, Cleveland, with the startled look of one who had heard a most unwelcome piece of news. "You cannot be in earnest! Going away from the city?"

"Yes; the matter has been finally settled. In about three months we shall leave here and take

up our residence at Cambridge."

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"Impossible! You cannot mean it!" Mrs. Cleveland betrayed a singular agitation.

"My brother goes to Harvard in the fall, and we shall reside near him while he remains at college. Ruth can go to school there as well as here. The matter has been carefully weighed."

"You do not know what you are doing," said Mrs. Cleveland, a wild, strange look in her face. "Don't go away from here, Miss Ray-don't! Don't for my sake, if for nothing else!"

And she caught hold of Miriam with a clutch like that of one who felt herself drowning. Her hands shook with agitation.

"For your sake, Mrs. Cleveland! The current of my quiet life can have but little to do with yours."

"It has far more to do with it than you imagine, Miss Ray. But I was thinking of my children more than of myself."

"Their well-being in the future depends on you more than upon any one else," replied Miriam. "Be to them all a mother should be. Forget yourself in them. Love them, and give your life for them, as a true mother should, and it will matter little whether I remain here or go away."

"It will break poor Neddy's heart! Oh, I wish that I were even dead for their sakes!" and the strangely-agitated woman wrung her hands.

"Be dead to all that is unworthy of a true woman, a loyal wife and a faithful mother; dead to all but home, and love, and duty; and this barren waste of your life shall blossom as the rose," answered Miriam.

"To you, Miss Ray, love and duty may be easy enough; but love cannot be forced, and against duty I have always set myself in open revolt as against an enemy. Duty! My spirit chafes at the very word! Love binds me to my children; not duty. If it were only duty that held me in my sphere of life, I would break from it as a rebellious star from its orbit, if I swept into chaos and ruin."

There was a fierce passion about Mrs. Cleveland as she uttered the last sentence. Into her face came alternate flashes of heat and gleams of deadly pallor. Miriam was half-frightened at her aspect. for she looked more like one suddenly bereft of reason than like a sane woman.

"She that turns away from duty loses her best friend," was the low, impressive answer.

"It may be so; but I prefer an agreeable enemy to a troublesome and exacting friend."

Mrs. Cleveland was trying to rally herself, and spoke with affected lightness of manner.

"The smile that deceives in order to give the eruel hand a surer blow?" said Miriam.

"Yes, if you will. I like smiles, not frowns." "The smile that kills, rather than the frown that saves?"

"If it must be so. But all this is vain talk, Miss VOL. XLIV.-80.

me now is this sudden resolve to leave our city. I do not want you to go away. You must not go away! For your own sake and for mine give up this purpose! Your brother can get along well enough by himself at Cambridge. Young men as a rule don't take their sisters with them when they go to college."

Mrs. Cleveland was growing excited again. Her voice had a thrill and eagerness that showed in-

tense feeling.

"What can it be to you whether I go or stay?" said Miriam, fixing her eyes intently on the face of her visitor, and trying to gather from it some clue to her meaning.

"More than I dare tell you-more a hundred and a hundred fold! And more to you, mayhap, Miss Ray, than-

She checked herself, as she dropped her eyes, and turned her face to hide something she did not care to betray.

A silence that was deeply embarrassing to both followed this strange speech.

Then rising, Mrs. Cleveland said: "I do not believe you will go, Miss Ray. Something tells me that you will not."

She tried to smile, but the shadows did not go out of her face, which, in Miriam's eyes, looked inexpressibly sad.

"Wherever duty calls me I must go," was replied.

"Duty-duty." The tone in which Mrs. Cleveland uttered the word was softer. "If I were as good as you, Miss Ray, I might listen to her voice. But I am not. Good-bye!"

And she went out slowly, looking back once or twice at Miriam with an expression that haunted her long afterwards,

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

HERE is your mamma?" asked Mr. Cleveland, speaking to his little daughter Grace, who met him as he came in. He had returned home earlier than usual. His manner was disturbed, and there was a troubled expression in his face.

"Gone out riding," answered the child.

" Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, papa. She went out riding with a gentleman."

"Who was the gentleman?"

Grace shook her head. "Don't know, papa."

"When did she go out?"

"Oh, it's ever so long."

"Have you seen the gentleman before? Does he come here?"

" No, papa."

Mr. Cleveland went into the parlor, and took a seat in the bay-window, Grace climbing upon his He had been there only a few minutes when he saw his wife at some distance down the street. She was in company with a man whom he knew at a glance. They were walking slowly, and appeared to be in earnest conversation. When nearly half a block away, they parted, the man returning in the direction from which they had Ray, and can avail nothing. What most concerns | come, and his wife hurrying forward with quickening steps. Mr. Cleveland moved back from the window so that she might not see him.

"Where have you been?" he asked, meeting her at one of the parlor doors, as she came along the hall. She did not answer, moving by as though she had not heard him.

"Grace!" He uttered her name in a severe, almost imperative tone, at which she stopped and turned on him a look of angry defiance.

"Well, sir?" came coldly from her lips,

"Where have you been?"

"Where I pleased to go. Are you answered, sir?" She had drawn herself up with a stately air, her head thrown back in a resolute poise. There was a fierce gleam in her eyes, and a desperate firmness in her closely shut mouth. For a little while she stood thus, waiting for him to reply.

"Grace! Grace!" Mr. Cleveland spoke in a warning voice, but with a gentler manner.

Her lip curied slightly. Then, with a gesture of impatience, she turned from her husband and went up-stairs, little Grace coming after; but at the landing she bade her go to the nursery in a voice the child dared not disobey.

For some time Mr. Cleveland stood confounded and irresolute. He was strongly moved to follow his wife and confront her with what he had seen; but the defiant spirit she had manifested caused him to hesitate—and the more so, as it flashed into his thought that she might even now be standing on the fatal verge of a great disaster which an unwise, or too hasty, effort to draw her back might precipitate. From the hall he went to his library, where he sat down and tried think. He had been there alone for over ten minutes, when he heard the door open. Looking up, he saw his wife. She had changed her street dress for a wrapper.

"You're a very provoking and irritating man, sometimes, Mr. Cleveland," she said, with a mingling of levity and seriousness in her manner, as she came forward and took a seat in front of him. "You ought to know me well enough by this time to be aware that I can't be driven, nor hectored, nor set upon in the authoritative way you set on me just now, and I wish you wouldn't do it any more. It only brings out the worst that is in me. I came home to have a serious talk with you about a matter in which we have an equal interest, and you met me as though I had been away on some mission of evil. Had you put your question in a kind and proper manner, I would have answered you then as I answer you now-' To call on Miriam Ray."

Her husband's eyes were resting steadily upon her. She saw the doubt that came into them.

"And," she went on, speaking hurriedly, and with repressed feeling, "it is about what she told me that I wish to speak with you. They are going to leave the city."

"Who? the Rays?" Mrs. Cleveland was watching her husband closely, and saw a change in the expression of his face,

"Yes, They intend removing to Cambridge. Miriam's brother will enter Harvard this fall."

"And the family will change their residence on his account?" said Mr. Cleveland. "Miss Ray thinks it her duty to have a home in Cambridge for her brother while he remains at college."

Mr. Cleveland not replying, his wife continued.

"I never saw such a girl! She doesn't appear to think or care for herself. The idea of breaking up her pleasant little home here, and leaving all her old associations and friends in order to make it more agreeable for her brother during the few years of his college life! it's preposterous! He'll most likely repay her with ingratitude in the end. Why doesn't she let him take care of himself, as other young men do?"

"It isn't her way," Mr. Cleveland remarked, with more significance in his tones than in his words.

"You like her ways better than mine, of course," said his wife.

"I have not set them in any contrast," was gravely answered.

"Oh, no; of course not!" There was more of levity than sarcasm in the voice of Mrs. Cleveland. She saw his brows knit into a frown.

"Oh, I'm not at all sensitive about the matter; don't think that for a moment," she ran on, with an indelicacy of speech that shocked her husband. "The ways of saints are more to your liking than the ways of sinners. Miss Ray is a saint and I'm a sinner."

"Grace!" Mr. Cleveland spoke sternly. His countenance had grown dark and angry. "You must not talk to me in this way. I will not have it!"

"Don't take it to heart so; I meant no offence," his wife returned, "You're too sensitive—not my weakness, thank Heaven!"

Mr. Cleveland did not answer.

"But all this is keeping me from what I wish to say," resumed Mrs. Cleveland, her voice and manner becoming serious.

Her husband lifted his eyes and let them rest upon her with a look of inquiry.

"If only Miss Ray and her brother were concerned, I should not give the matter a passing thought. But the effect it is going to have on Ned is what troubles me. It will break the little fellow's heart. Why, the child fairly worships the ground she treads on!"

She waited a few moments to get her husband's response. He had dropped his eyes from her face, and was sitting as still as if holding his breath. Not replying, she continued: "I wished to speak with you before saying anything to Miss Ray about it."

"About what?" he asked, seeing that she hesitated.

"About taking Neddy with her."

"Grace! Are you beside yourself?"

"I was never more sane in my life. You know as well as I do what a wonderful change has been wrought in the boy since he came under Miriam Ray's influence. Remove him from that influence and no one can tell what hurt may follow. His whole future, for good or evil, is, I verily believe, hanging in the poise now."

Mrs. Cleveland had grown very earnest and serious.

"I cannot hear to such a thing as this," her husband replied. "Their own home is the fittest place for our children."

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"Miss Ray's home has seemed the fittest place, judging from the influence each has had upon them. It is no use to ignore facts, Mr. Cleveland."

"It is not," was returned. "And the fact above all others not to be ignored is this one-it lies in your power to make your own home the safest and best place for our children in all the world."

"It is easy for you to say that; but you know as well as I do that it is not so. Can the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin? I am not a good wife and mother, and never can be." Her voice fell and quivered; but she regained her self-control, and went on with a recklessness of manner and speech that shocked and pained her husband. "I am not a weak fool, Mr. Cleveland. I know just what I am; and all the good and bad that is in me. I haven't made you happy in the past, and there isn't much hope for you in the future, so far as I am concerned. We were not made for each other; and it was a dark day in your calendar as well as mine when we came together."

"O Grace! Grace! You distress me beyond measure!" answered Mr. Cleveland. "It is dangerous, it is wicked, to talk so. Somehow, in God's providence, our feet have been set in the same path, to walk therein so long as we both do If it be sometimes rough, we can make it smooth; if it pass through desert places, we can, if we will, make the grass to spring and the flowers to bloom. Grace, my wife!"

There was a tender, yearning appeal in his voice. He bent toward her, and looked at her almost lovingly. But she sat cold and impassive, drawing herself a little away. All the light that had flushed into Mr. Cleveland's face died out.

"It is useless to talk," she returned, with some impatience. "Things are as they are, and neither you nor I can change them."

"We may change them if we will," he said. "And if we will not! What then?"

There was something defiant in Mrs. Cleve-

land's manner. Her eyes seemed to freeze him with their cold, hard stare.

"Then God help us both!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, sinking back in his chair and hiding his face in his hands.

His wife saw him shiver as from a sudden ague; but she gazed at him unmoved. There was an evil passion in her heart seeking to gain its end; and it would give no place to pity or sympathy. She waited until the man before her stirred, and lifted himself again. His face had grown very pale.

"And now," she said, with the cold quiet in her manner of one who felt assured, "putting all these considerations aside as of no weight in the opposing argument, and looking solely to the happiness and well-being of our boy, shall we not secure, if possible, a continuance of Miss Ray's influence over him?"

Mr. Cleveland did not answer, but sat looking at his wife with the air of one who had become lost in some bewildering maze of thought. said Mr. Cleveland, as his wife recurred to it again.

"I will see her to-morrow and talk with her myself. We can pay her enough to make it a pecuniary object as well as a service of love and duty. Their income is not large, and we can give it, I doubt not, a most welcome addition."

Still, Mr. Cleveland made no reply. Questions, and doubts, and strange suspicions were crowding into his mind; and he had the impression of a purpose in all this beyond what appeared.

"Shall I say to her that you desire it?" Mr. Cleveland started at the question, and gave an emphatic "No!"

"Very well. I will leave you out for the present. You can come in at the proper time."

"I will not come in at any time, Grace! I forbid all mention of this thing to Mirlam Ray!"

"Forbid yourself, but not me! I am the child's mother, and have some right to care for him. I shall see Miss Ray to-morrow and introduce the subject, come out of it what may." Saying which, Mrs. Cleveland turned from her husband and passed from the library.

"I've bad news for you, dear," she said to her little boy as they gathered at the supper-table.

Neddy lifted his large eyes to his mother's face with a startled look.

"Your friend, Miss Miriam Ray, is going to move from the city."

She could hardly have hurt the child as much if she had struck him a blow with her hand. His eyes filled with tears, and his lips began to quiver.

"What will you do about it, dear?" asked his mother, with a tenderness in her voice that she was not able to repress,

He looked up at her pitifully, great tears beginning to fall over his cheeks. His knife and fork had dropped from his hands.

"I saw her to-day, and she told me they were going to move from here in the fall.

A great sob came into Neddy's throat. He tried to master his feelings, but they were too strong for him; and he laid his face upon the table and cried bitterly.

"You love Miss Ray very much," said his mother, when the child's grief had partially exhausted itself.

He did not reply. His heart was too full.

"You see how it is," said Mrs. Cleveland, after the children were taken away and she was alone with her husband. "He didn't touch a mouthful of food after I told him. You can see yourself that he's heart-broken about it."

"You should not have told him in the way you did. It was almost cruel to break it upon him so suddenly."

"Oh, of course it was, seeing that I did it! I never do anything right-at least not in your eyes. But let that go. I'm more concerned for Neddy than for myself just now."

Her husband looked at her so long that her color rose. She tried to return his steady gaze, which seemed penetrating her very soul, but had to let her eyes fall away from his and drop to the floor, her color rising still higher as she did so,

"We will not discuss this matter any farther,"

"Neddy's place is at home, and I shall not consent

to his going away."

"You will not?" Mrs. Cleveland drew herself up, and her husband saw in her defiant eyes an expression that troubled him. He had seen it there more than once of late; and now, as before, it gave him a shiver. Its meaning he did not understand; but it came, he felt, from an evil source.

"No, Grace," he answered firmly, "I will not."

"You'll be sorry. That's all I have to say," and she turned to leave him.

"Grace!" he called. But she did not answer him, going out in a swift heat of passion. He never forgot the fierce, desperate look she cast back upon him as she vanished through the

Morning found her calm and cold, and chilling as ice toward her husband, who was as little inclined as herself for any interchange of words. Neither had slept much through the night; but the disturbing thoughts that kept each brain awake were secrets to which the other had no

Miriam had just come home, and was speaking to Aunt Mercy of Mrs. Cleveland, whom she had seen riding with an elegantly-dressed young man, and toward whom she had carried herself with an almost unseemly familiarity, when the lady herself called.

"Here I am again, Miss Ray!" she exclaimed, in a light tone, as Miriam entered the parlor. "You'll call me a bad penny, I'm afraid. But I felt as if I must see you."

The light went quickly out of her face, and its expression became serious, Miriam observed, too, an unusual nervousness in her manner, and

a strange restlessness in her eyes.

"Do you know," she went on, "that I didn't sleep last night. I couldn't for thinking of what you told me yesterday. I said it would break poor Neddy's heart. Dear little fellow! His eyes have been wet ever since he heard that you were going away, and he looks as if he hadn't a friend in all the world. You'll hardly believe it, but he hasn't tasted a mouthful of food."

"Dear little fellow !" said Miriam, tears shining

"I don't know what's to be done about it, Miss Ray. I never saw greater love in a child than he has for you. I'm nothing to him in comparison."

"It may be better that I go away," replied Miriam. "His strongest love should be for his mother. I have been robbing you; and it is not

"Love begets love. Yours has been purer and less selfish than mine. I do not wonder that he loves you. I love you, bad as I am, and unworthy to touch the hem of your garments!"

There passed an instant spasm across her face, and a shiver that came upon her and was gone in

"Love him as a mother should, purely and unselfishly, my dear madam! Take him into her heart. Bless him with all it can give, and he shall be to you joy and safety," said Miriam, her heart trembling in her words,

"It is too late, my good friend! Too late! The fountain is running dry," she answered, her voice struggling to get an even tone.

"The fountain of a mother's heart running dry! Impossible! Its springs are in Heaven, and can-

"But the fountain may be choked or broken." Miriam did not respond; she was shocked, and scarcely knew how to reply.

Before she was able to frame an answer, Mrs. Cleveland continued: "You will be surprised at what I am going to say. I have come to ask a great favor; and you must not-oh, I am sure you will not refuse to grant it! It is for Neddy's sake,

Miriam waited in silence for Mrs. Cleveland to go on, looking at her with wondering eyes,

"I've been going over it all night, Miss Ray, and looking at it from all sides. The child's broken-hearted, as I've told you, about your going away. It's just this: won't you take him with you to Cambridge, and let him go to school there with Ruth? We'll pay you handsomely-double and treble what it will cost-any sum you choose to name, if you will only take him."

She spoke rapidly, the color coming and going

in her face.

"Why, Mrs. Cleveland! You cannot surely be in earnest? Send your little boy away from home!" answered Miriam, not concealing her

surprise.

"I would have him safe and happy, Miss Ray." The voice had become hoarse. "Happy he will not be if you go away and leave him behind; and I can but tremble for his future if he pass from under the influence of one who alone has power to touch the springs of his better nature. For what he is to-day we are indebted to you, and bless you in our hearts."

She paused, showing much agitation,

"Have you talked with your husband in regard to this?" asked Miriam.

"Yes, and I know that such an arrangement will meet his hearty approval, though he objects to my saying anything to you about it. He thinks it would be asking more than we have any right to ask."

Miriam let her eyes fall to the floor, and sat very still, her visitor watching her closely.

"Money will be no consideration to us," said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Nor any to me," replied Miriam, lifting her eyes from the floor. Her manner had grown very serious.

"But he will be a care and an expense, for which it will only be right for us to pay liberally. I did not mean to set a money consideration in the scale, but only to intimate our feeling in the matter, said Mrs. Cleveland, trying to break the force of her indiscreet sentence.

It was some time before Miriam spoke. She was thinking hurriedly. One vague suspicion after another had flashed through her mind, and a dread, as of some impending evil, was creeping

"I must take time for consideration," she answered. "My first impression is not favorable. It is only right that you should understand

"I know that it is asking a great deal to take a child into your family and burden yourself with caring for him," replied Mrs. Cleveland, her voice still husky and her manner disturbed.

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"It would be no burden, but a delight to care for Neddy," Miriam returned. "I am not thinking of that. If no one else had a claim upon himif it were not another's duty to love and care for him-I would take the dear child into my heart and home gladly. As it is, I cannot see it to be right. I have already stood between you and your child too long, I fear, and my going away

and make the union sweeter and stronger." "Impossible! Simply impossible, Miss Ray! I can never be to him what you are; and he will never love me as he loves you, poor child !"

may restore the old tender love and confidence

Miriam was at fault with this woman. She could not make her out. Back of all this there was, she felt, a hidden purpose-it might be an evil purpose.

Mrs. Cleveland did not gain the end of her visit. Miriam's parting words were: "I think it will not be best; nay, I am sure it will not be best for me to come between the child and his mother.'

But Mrs. Cleveland was not to be turned aside from her purpose. Neddy should plead his own

Miriam had risen but partially out of the troubled state of mind into which this interview had thrown her, when the child's arms were flung around her neck, and his tearful cheek laid to hers.

"You're not going away! Oh, you're not going to leave me!" he cried, piteously, and with quivering lips. "Mamma said you were; but you will not go!"

He lifted his head and gazed at her with looks of inexpressible love. He laid his hands against her cheeks in tender caresses. He drew down her face and covered her lips and cheeks with kisses. What could she do but gather him into her arms and hold him tightly against her bosom-giving back kiss for kiss.

(To be continued.)

#### THE REBELLION OF A STOMACH.

BY MARY E. QUACKENBUSH.

HEY had returned from their short wedding tour-John Thorn and his sweet young wife, Annie, and were just settled in their new home. It was a cosey, little, brown cottage, and in summer looked like a huge bird's nest dropped down among the great old elms.

And although the rooms were little and low, Annie's deft fingers had made them perfect nooks of comfort. The parlor, especially, was a little gem of a room. A carpet with a soft gray groundwork strewn with green and brown leaves and red berries covered the floor. The chairs and sofa were cushioned with a warm ruby color. Muslin curtains, pure and white, and with sprays of dark green ivy clambering over them, fell in graceful folds from the windows, whose wide sills were filled with vivid scarlet geraniums and white glad to have a bite now."

chrysanthemums. A few fine engravings, an oil painting or two, together with pressed ferns, flowers, autumn leaves and grasses, adorned the neatly-papered walls. The little bookcase was filled with choice volumes. All around the room various articles of fancy work were artistically

The dining-room was pleasant, the kitchen cosey and convenient, and the tiny bed-rooms white and pure enough for a queen to sleep in.

Ah, yes! it was a dear little bijou of a home-so John and Annie thought. And the first evening they spent there-why surely Adam and Eve couldn't have been happier in Paradise!

And how delightful the first meal eaten in the new home! It was on New Year's Eve. The curtains were down and a bright fire glowed in the grate. How pretty Annie looked, kneeling before it, toasting bread, while the scarlet glow made a rose of her cheek and her hair gleam like a yellow-bird's wing and brightened the blue of her dainty dress.

And John, in slippers and dressing-gown, sat by her side and smiled benignly upon her.

"Oh, how funny it seems to be pouring out tea at my own table!" exclaimed Annie, with a

"It's very becoming, though," said John, gallantly, and then they both laughed like two merry children.

After the repast was ended, Annie brought her new tin dish-pan, which shone like burnished silver, and proceeded to wash up the pretty new china. When this was done, she took her sewingwork and sat down by John's side.

Thus the new household was formed.

But after awhile Annie found that housekeeping was no mere child's play. Sometimes the bread wouldn't raise, the biscuits were found containing too much saleratus, the potatoes were watery and the meat burned to a crisp. It was provoking, too, that on these occasions, John would most invariably happen to bring some bachelor friend to dinner! But then love lightened every burden.

"Annie," said John, one evening, at tea-time, "I will have to go back to the office every evening after this,'

"O John!" exclaimed the young wife, quite

"It's too bad, I know, dear, but then my salary will be considerably increased if I do it, And times are so hard just now. Besides, I'd like to lay up a little something in case of a rainy day."

"That's true, but, oh, dear! evenings are the only time I have your company. How long must you stay?"

"Till nine or ten," replied John.

It was a long, lonely evening, the first that John stayed at the office, and Annie spent the most part of it in reading or crocheting.

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed, jumping up suddenly, as the clock struck nine. "John'll be tired and cold with his work and walk, and so I guess I'll make him a cup of coffee and give him a piece of that nice mince-pie I baked to-day, Although he ate his supper, I know that he'll be

So the little wife bustled around and soon had everything ready on a stand near the fire. His dressing-gown hung on a chair before the grate, and his slippers were warming too. Then the gate-latch clicked, and John's step was heard coming up the walk. Then the door opened, and he entered. His eyes brightened as he saw what she had prepared for him.

"Why, you dear little woman, how thoughtful

you were!" he exclaimed.

"I thought that you'd be hungry and cold. Let me help you take off your coat. Give me your hat and pull off your boots. See, here are your dressing-gown, slippers and chair all walting for you. Now I'll pour out your coffee. Look, isn't it clear and strong! And I've such nice, rich cream for it, too!"

A man always loves to be waited on, especially by a pretty little wife; and so, with a sigh of satisfaction, John sank into the soft easy-chair and began to eat and drink.

"What delicious pie, dear!" he said, taking a bite out of the huge triangle, "What's in

it ?"

"Oh, minced meat, chopped apples, spice, lots of raisins, brandy—everything the recipe stated," replied Annie, her eyes shining with delight as she watched him devour it with great gusto.

"Well, now, I call that good?" John exclaimed as the last crumb disappeared down his throat. And smacking his lips, he continued: "Shouldn't mind if I had another piece, dear."

"Certainly, certainly, lovey!" and Annie flew into the pantry after it, "Won't you take another cup of coffee, too?"

"Don't care if I do," he replied. And so she poured it out for him.

Labor all day, a hearty supper, and after it four hours of hard brain-work, and then—two huge pieces of rich mince pie and two cups of strong coffee! Good gracious! No wonder that John dreamed of wild animals chasing him all night!

"Somehow I didn't sleep good hast night," he

said, as he arose next morning. "My head feels dull and heavy."

"Poor dear! It's working so hard at those horrid figures," said Annie.

"Yes, that's it, no doubt. I ain't used to it just

"Lie down and rest awhile yet. I'll build the fire and call you when breakfast is ready. Do lie still, dear."

"Believe I will. I feel confoundedly out of gear!" said John, as he laid his heavy head on the pillows.

When breakfast was ready, Annie called him. A most dainty little repast was awaiting him—nicely-browned toast, eggs, fulcy beefsteak, and currant jelly like a huge ruby lay in a glass dish; but nothing seemed to give him an appetite; and after drinking two cups of strong coffee he started down town.

"Poor John! he'll work himself to death!" said Annie, as she stood by the window watching him out of sight. "I'll get him a good dinner and supper, too, and I'll have something tempting for him to eat when he comes so late." And she did, too, for a bowl of rich oyster soup awaited him at ten o'clock that night.

And night after night it was always the same, Always something for him to eat when he came home late at night.

No wonder that he passed restless nights, and what little sleep he had was troubled by bad dreams! No wonder that every morning he arose tired, unrefreshed and with no appetite for breakfast! No wonder that he was troubled with frequent headaches, and grew pale and thin.

Finally, he left off working evenings, thinking that would restore him to good health again; but it didn't, for the habit of eating before retiring had become so fixed that he never went to bed without first paying a visit to the pantry. Consequently he grew worse and worse, until Annie begged him to consult a doctor; but he would not; and then she resorted to strategem. She invited an uncle, an eminent physician, to visit them, and privately requested him to study John's case.

"What is the matter with him, Uncle David?

Is it anything dangerous?"

"A bad case of dyspepsia, my dear," was the reply. "And I really can't imagine how a man with such a strong constitution and such a splendid physique could be so afflicted, unless he had violated nature's laws most tremendously! Do you have regular meals, Annie?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does he eat much then?"

"No, I don't think he does. In fact, about the only time he eats heartily is just before he goes to bed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Then he seems to enjoy a piece of pie and cake, or coffee and oysters."

"Faugh! that's it! That's the cause of his present ill health. A man ought to have a cast-ironstomach if he treats it so! No wonder the poor organ rebels! Now let him leave off this bad habit directly, eat plain food, take plenty of exercise, chop his own wood occasionally, and, believe me, he'll be well in a short time."

"But, dear me! I hardly know how to tell him this." And Annie looked perplexed. "What

plain food shall I give him?"

"You can have rice, toast, soft-boiled eggs, good, juicy beefsteak broiled, oat-meal, brown bread, baked apples, and all such things."

"But what shall I do if he wants something to eat to-night, just before he retires?"

"Have a bowl of oat-meal gruel ready for him. And he'll find out before long that he can live without eating just before he gets into bed. And now I tell you one thing."

"What is it, uncle dear?"

"Don't you bake any pastry. There's a sight of misery caused by what you women folks call 'a nice pie?"

"I believe you, uncle," said Annie, as she put away her baking things—put them away unused. She had intended making pies and cakes that very day, but her uncle's words carried conviction to her heart, and she determined to follow his advice.

That evening, as the clock struck ten, John

made his way into the pantry. Annie chuckled as she heard him rummaging about. Presently he came out with an injured look on his face.

"Why, Annie, there isn't a single pie or cake in

the pantry !"

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"I know it, dear," she replied, demurely.

"Well, but I thought it was your baking-day."
"Oh, I concluded not to bake to-day, dear.

Here is a nice bowl of oat-meal gruel."

He eyed it doubtfully, tasted it, then laid the spoon down, saying: "Guess I won't take any more. It don't seem as though anything'd taste good but a piece of mince-pie or cocoanut-cake." Then he went to bed.

"Why, Annie, I slept quite good last night," he

said, next morning.

"Well, do you want to know the reason?"

"Of course-what is it?"

"Because you went to bed without eating."

"Jupiter!"

"It's so. Every night you've put a cart-load of food into that stomach of yours, and no wonder that the poor organ rebels."

"Do you mean to say that all these wretched feelings I've had lately have been caused by

dyspepsia !"

"Exactly. Uncle David says so."

"Maybe it is. And there I've been taking all sorts of pills and potions, thinking my liver was affected! Now, I believe I'll try plain diet for a while."

He did, and was well satisfied with the result. All the old aches and pains, the bad dreams and sleeplessness left him, for his stomach no longer rebeled.

#### EAGLESCLIFFE.\*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

T was nearly noon of a cloudless day late in October. A quaint, hexagonal tower, like a huge lantern, shot up three stories high from the hall in the Visitor's Cottage. That is, the hall was on the first floor; on the second was Mrs. Farleigh's dressing-room; on the third, commanding a magnificent sweep of mountain and valley, with the Eagle's Cliff looming up in the distance, was a small chamber which answered very well for a studio; and to this purpose it had now for several months been devoted.

At this moment, Mrs. Farleigh sat at one of the high, arched windows, with her head upon her hand, gazing off over the wide landscape to the distant hill-sides, now all aflame with crimson and gold. Yet it was quite evident that she looked with eyes that saw not. She was in a brown study. Her other hand lay listlessly in her lap, save when she occasionally turned from the glories without to the contemplation of a pile of sketches that lay upon a table near her.

Karl, at the other end of the room, was cleaning his palette and looking critically, with his head now on this side and now on that, at a small cansqueezed two or three fresh dabs of paint from as many tubes, picked out one of his finest brushes, and began to work again with quick, telling strokes.

Mrs. Farleigh turned from the window and

vas on the easel before him. Suddenly he frowned,

Mrs. Farleigh turned from the window and looked at him. "What now, Karl? I thought you were through for to-day. What are you doing to your old man now?"

"Just one minute more," he pleaded, without lifting his head. "I was through—but—"

"There!" he exclaimed, straightening himself up after the one minute had lengthened to ten. "That's better! The trouble was all with the upper lip, Mrs. Farleigh. See!"

"Was that it? Well, put away your things then, and come here. You've done enough for

one day."

He obeyed silently, and was soon standing by her side. She put her arm around him, and then, seemingly forgetful of his presence, sat for many minutes looking off at the far horizon. Suddenly she turned her face towards him.

"Our pleasant times up here in the studio are almost over—did you know it, Karl? I am going away next week."

"Forever?" he said, faintly.

"Oh, I hope not forever, but for many months; perhaps for two or three years. I cannot tell. I am going abroad again for the winter, at least. Would you like to go to Dresden, where the beautiful Madonna is, Karl? and to Paris, where there are so many great painters, and so many wonderful pictures? Would you like to see the magnificent cathedrals I have told you about, at Strasburg, and Milan, and a thousand other places? Would you like to see Rome?"

To see Rome! The boy looked at her in blank amazement, while his very heart stood still. He made no attempt to answer.

"I wish you were my boy, Karl," she continued, softly; "my son, so that I could take you with me. I should go with a happy heart, then. I should feel that I had something to live for. Would

you like to go, dear?"

"If I were your boy—yes," he said, under his breath. "But I am not."

She put her hand in her pocket and drew forth a small miniature case of purple velvet. "I never have shown this to you, I think," she remarked, opening it and displaying the likeness of a little boy about two years old. "He would have been just about your age if he had lived, and he would not have looked unlike you."

"Is it your son?"

"Yes; the only child that was given to me, and I did not keep him long. He died shortly after this was painted."

Karl held the picture reverently for a few moments; then put it back into Mrs. Farleigh's hand without speaking.

"I do not know why he was taken away from me," she went on, gazing at the pictured face even while she held Karl closer to her side. "I could have done so much for him. I could have made his life so beautiful. I could have crowded it with delights. And yet he died, while so many

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other children live in poverty and distress. He was a bright little fellow, too. See what a well-shaped head! He looks as if he might have had rare gifts; and if he had," she continued, speaking apparently to herself rather than to Karl, "the world was all before me where to choose. I was rich, and as free as a butterfly. I could have lived where and as I pleased. Every power of his might have been trained to the uttermost. Perhaps he might have wished to be a painter—perhaps he might have loved art as well as you do," turning suddenly to Karl; "and there would have been nothing to hinder him or to hold him back."

"He would have been a very happy boy," said

Karl, with a deep sigh.

"But no happier than you would be if you were my son," she returned, "and if I were to take you over the seas with me to all the old storied places you have read of, and dreamed of, and let you haunt the famous galleries, and place you under the tuition of the best masters! For you have all the gifts I should have craved for him, Karl."

It is doubtful if Karl fully understood all this, or rather if he grasped the fullest, deepest significance of her words. Yet he comprehended enough to set him trembling from head to foot.

"Do you wish you were my son, Karl?" she whispered, laying her cheek against his; "would you be glad if you were mine, if you belonged to me, so that I might lift you out of this poor, narrow-life that lies before you here, and give you a richer, broader one?"

His face crimsoned. It was a cruel question; though, to do Mrs. Farleigh justice, she did not mean it to be.

"Would you, Karl ?"

"There is no use trying to answer that question," he said at last, in a low, constrained voice, while his fingers worked nervously. "It would do no good if I could. I belong to Aunt Hepsy, and I can't think about any other life."

"But if you did not?" she said, eagerly. "Then would you be glad to belong to me?"

He looked at her very gravely, his arm around her neck, his lips almost touching hers. "If he had lived," he replied, pointing to the miniature, "you would not have liked to have him ask himself such a question about another person, even if he never answered it. It would have hurt you."

"Yes, for he was really my son," she cried; "my own flesh and blood. But Miss Morris is not even your aunt, although you call her so."

Karl had never spoken to Mrs. Farleigh of Hepsibah save as "Aunt Hepsy." It was noticeable that she had always ignored the assumed relationship, calling her, whenever it was necessary to allude to her, simply Miss Morris. He did not answer now. The truth was, he was both grieved and bewildered, and did not know what he ought to say.

"Well, we won't talk about that any more," said Mrs. Farleigh, as she saw the look of pain stealing over his face. "Now what are you going to do while I am away? Forget all you have learned this summer as fast as ever you can?—and forget me?" "I shall never forget you till I forget to breathe," he cried; "and I shall not forget what you have taught me, either. I have been so happy up here, Mrs. Farleigh," glancing round the pretty room with its casts and photographs, and allowing his eye to linger longest on the easel in the corner, "and you have done so much for me! I want to thank you, but I don't know how to say it. You must teach me that, too."

"I would be glad to do a great deal more," she whispered; "but how can I, when you will not come close to me in the stead of this little boy?" touching the miniature. "You will not place

yourself in my hands,"

He was glad, for the first time since he had known her, when Mrs. Farleigh at last dismissed him. He flew out of the house, and down the road into the lane, with but one conscious thought -to get out of sight, to be alone. But he did not go directly home. He did not want to see Aunt Hepsy. He did not want to see Captain David, nor even Winny. So he turned aside before he came in sight of the house, climbed the fence, and took a roundabout course for the hemlock grove. Once within its shades, he sought out the ruins of the Palace of Shushan, threw himself on the grass and covered his eyes with his hands. He wanted to steady himself, to grasp something real and tangible, for it seemed to him that the solid foundations of his life were giving way. He must

The sun was low in the heavens, and the air damp and cool, when he rose from his recumbent position and went to the pasture for the cows. He had lain there the whole afternoon.

But Hepsibah, meanwhile, had not been alone. The work was all out of the way, and she sat in the soft, hazy sunshine that streamed in through the open door, rocking and reading, when a shadow fell upon her book. She looked up to see—Mrs. Farleigh.

This lady had stopped at the gate several times during the summer to leave some message for Karl, but this was the first time she had been inside the door. As Hepsibah, with her quiet, thoughtful face, her Quaker-like dress, and her gentle soberness of manner, lifted her eyes from the page she read to this "daughter of the gods divinely tall, and most divinely fair," it seemed to her that her presence made the whole place radiant. It was as if some bird-of-paradise, with all its wealth of color and magnificence of plumage, had suddenly dropped from the upper skies and perched upon her rose-geranium.

She rose quietly, however, and with cordial kindness of manner, and a certain dignity of which she was wholly unconscious, but which amply atoned for the lack of some stereotyped, conventional graces, bade her guest welcome.

Of the two, it soon became evident that she was the more at her ease. Mrs. Farleigh had come on an errand—on pure business—and as the moments rolled on it grew more and more difficult for her to make it known. This Miss Morris, whom Karl called Aunt Hepsy, was not precisely the type of woman she had expected to meet. She did not find it as easy as she had expected to approach her on the matter nearest her heart. She began to be in doubt as to her tacties.

They talked of Karl as two women who loved him might be expected to talk. This, at least, was common ground. But at length, with a desperate resolve in her face, Mrs. Farleigh turned suddenly to Hepsibah.

"The boy has rare gifts," she said; "such gifts as I believe it is impossible for you here to fully understand or realize. He should be a painter. I am not an artist myself-for I have no creative power-though I have been able to teach him something. The most I have done has been to place the tools, the implements, in his way, and show him how to handle them. In less than a year he will be able to teach me. But I have studied art thoroughly, and I know many artists. I have seen the work not only of the greatest masters, but of the merest beginners; and in neither hemisphere have I ever seen any beginnings like his. I verily believe that there came to him in his cradle that divine spark, that rare and sacred essence, that we call genius."

Hepsibah's eyes glowed with a clear light that was like that of a live coal from off the altar. Her lips quivered. "I thank you," she said, extending her hand and clasping Mrs. Farleigh's for one unconscious instant. "I thank you for confirming my own belief. I have not been blind, and your words do not surprise me, though they give me pleasure. They will strengthen me in

the years to come."

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Mrs. Farleigh had entered that house with the feeling that it would be a perfectly easy thing to have a plain, business-like talk with Miss Morris, and after telling her what Karl was, and what ought to be done for him, to suggest that she-Mrs. Farleigh-would be only too glad to take him off her hands, thus relieving her of all the burdens of his maintenance and education. It seemed a case of perfectly plain sailing. She had even fancied that perhaps Miss Morris, who certainly was very far from being a rich person, even in the Eaglescliffe acceptation, might be glad to be thus relieved.

But it was harder than she thought. Hepsibah was very grateful for the happiness Mrs. Farleigh had given her boy that summer; she was glad and proud when he was praised-and she was just as unconscious that it was possible for any one to approach her with such a proposition, as she would have been if she had claimed Karl by virtue of a title-deed signed by the angel Gabriel; or, more than that, by the divine right of mother-

So, having played at cross-purposes for an hour, Mrs. Farleigh found herself compelled to speak plainly

"I see you do not quite understand me, Miss Morris," she said. "Karl ought to have advantages that he cannot have here-advantages that in plain words, you cannot give him. I can. I have a golden key that will unlock all doors to him. I came here this afternoon to say that I am ready to take the boy, to adopt him as my son at once, if you will give him up to me, and

"Stop!" cried Hepsibah, her eyes blazing and her face as white as ashes. "How do you dare to say that to me? 'Give him up to you?

She had sprung to her feet and stood for a moment looking at Mrs. Farleigh with parted lips. Then she fell into a violent fit of trembling and

covered her face with her hands.

"Why, I cannot understand it!" she said, presently, in a softer tone. "How can you think of my giving him up? I took him from his dead mother's breast, I have loved him as my own child ever since. He is my child. He knows no difference."

Mrs. Farleigh hesitated, moved in every fibre of her being by Hepsibah's unlooked-for emotion, but not turned from her purpose by one hair's

"I beg your pardon," she said, after a little. "I am sorry to wound you, but I supposed you would take a broader view of the question. I supposed you would look at his best good; not simply at your own feelings."

"And I am sorry if I spoke harshly," Hepsibah returned. "But it is plain that you do not understand me, Mrs. Farleigh. If I were really Karl's mother, would you have dared to make this cool proposition that I should give him up to you, and

let you mould his life?"

"Certainly not. But you are not his mother; and you are untrue to this child, on whom you have no actual claim, if you keep him here to lead a barren, narrow life-the life of an Eaglescliffe farmer. He is not fitted for it; he will not be happy in it; he belongs to another sphere."

"Perhaps so. Perhaps I have seen that as well as you; and while there may be worse lots in life than that of an Eaglescliffe farmer," continued Hepsibah, her face flushing, "it does not follow that he will be forced to accept that if he stays here."

"May I ask what line of life you have marked out for him then?" inquired the lady, somewhat forgetful of her usual tact and courtesy.

"None whatever. He shall be entirely free to choose his own line when he is older."

"Yes-to choose ignorantly-to choose without knowing anything of other paths. It will be the choice of a blind man!"

"Not quite," said Hepsibah, "You have not found him especially boorish or ignorant, have

"'Boorish or ignorant?' No. If I had, he would not have attracted me so strongly. I hate boorishness and ignorance! Karl is a gentleman, born and bred, and he should be allowed to lead the life and to have the training of one."

Hepsibah smiled faintly.

"I do not know as to the birth, though I believe as firmly as you do that his parents were neither low nor vulgar people. That they were poor, at the last, is certain. But as for the breeding," she said, with a touch of pardonable pride, "all he has had, he has had here, under this roof. I am glad if you do not find him greatly wanting at least in the decencies of life. He has been taught, even in this kitchen, to remove his hat in the presence of ladies, and to clean his finger-nails."

Mrs. Farleigh turned with an abrupt change of a mere farm drudge of the boy. He is going to voice and manner, and extended her hand to

Hensibah.

"Miss Morris," she said, "we have both failed to understand each other, and it seems to me I have made a very bungling business of this whole matter. I will acknowledge frankly that I did not know until now what manner of woman you were of; and perhaps I am not so wholly worldly as I have seemed to you to be. I ought to have told you in the first place that my whole heart is in this matter. I love Karl as I have never loved any other child but one. I long to do for him just what I would have done for my own son if he had lived. Do you believe me? And can you not see that this life here must seem poorer, harder, and less worth the living, to me, than to you who have known no other life? Will you not believe that I am not wholly selfish in

"Yes," Hepsibah answered through her tears. "I am willing to admit all that. It is not easy for women who have led lives so far apart as ours to be entirely just to each other. We see all things from such different standpoints. But this alters nothing so far as Karl is concerned. When I took him, I took with him all the responsibilities of motherhood. I cannot drop them now merely because you stand ready to pick them up."

"No, not merely for that cause. But what if I can do more and better things for him than you can possibly hope to do? What is your duty in

that case?"

"You might ask the same question if he had been born in that bed-room yonder-born of Hepsibah Morris!" she said, dropping her hands in her lap, and turning her pale, spiritual face toward Mrs. Farleigh. "And the answer would be the same. God requires of mothers the best they can do, not the best some other woman can do. I did not go out of my way to find Karl. He was brought to me and laid in my arms, and I accepted him prayerfully. I have no right to believe that you can do better for him than I can. God gave him to me, not to you."

Mrs. Farleigh made a pretty, half-disdainful

gesture of dissent.

"Oh! if it comes to that," she observed, lightly, "you're getting quite beyond my depth. I don't pretend to be able to declare the Divine purposes, much less to comprehend them. Providence, or what we call by that name, seems to make the most unaccountable mistakes. It sends bread where it is not needed, while hungry mouths go empty."

Hepsibah was silent for a moment, her thoughts going back to what Mrs. Farleigh had said a little while before. When she spoke, it was in her

usual quiet, self-contained voice.

"You called our life-the life of this housebarren and narrow," she said. "I do not doubt it is so, as compared with yours. I have often felt myself that my path was strait and hard. But we are not actually poor, Mrs. Farleigh; and I do not mean that Karl shall starve for lack of bread, even if more of it was sent to your door than to mine. We do not intend—brother David and I—to make | leigh had been compelled to acknowledge it.

college, as he has probably told you. It will not be quite the choice of a blind man; for in just so far as we are able we shall help him to see clearly and with open eyes.

"Then I may understand," rejoined Mrs. Farleigh, as she rose to go, drawing her India shawl about her, "that you decline all my overtures, and refuse to let me be of farther service to Karl? This is the phase you wish matters to

assume?"

"Nay, nay," cried Hepsibah, shocked and distressed. "You make me seem most ungrateful, when I am only too thankful for any favor you have shown him. But think what you ask of me, Mrs. Farleigh! To give him up to you, to have him pass out of my life, to let you take him over the seas to a new world of which I should be no part, and where he would inevitably grow away from me! I fear I could not do it even if I thought it were right. Yet I am not hard nor selfish. He loves and honors you, and I am glad of it. I am willing to share him with you, Mrs. Farleigh, but I cannot give him up."

"I am not so generous," she replied, coldly. "I know that I could open to him the door of a beautiful life-a life full of grand ambitions and glorious possibilities. But it is only as my son, not as my protégé. I am not great enough to endure a rival near the throne," she added, with a certain proud humility and a slight toss of her superb head. "Good-evening, Miss Morris. Be so kind as to let Karl come over before I leave, to gather up his sketches and other belong-

ings."

"Karl!" exclaimed Hepsibah, with a sudden thought of his absence. "Why, I have not seen him since he went to you this morning. Where in he?"

"He left me about one o'clock," she answered.

"Did you say anything-have you spoken to him about this?" asked Hepsibah, timidly. "Have you told him what you have told me?"

"Not exactly. I tried to sound him a little and find whether he would be willing to come to me. But he was so loyal to what he had evidently been taught to consider his duty to you, that he was impenetrable. So I came to you, trusting to your good sense and nobleness of nature. I own I am disappointed;" and with this parting thrust, she gracefully gathered up her skirts from the dust of the highway, and went round the corner where her carriage waited.

Women can be very cruel to each other without really meaning to be, stabbing deeply with the utmost grace and suavity. But as Mrs. Farleigh passed out of sight, and Hepsibah, stunned and faint with pain and excitement, sank back in her chair to find relief in womanly tears and a quiet uplifting of her heart to the hills from whence cometh our help, she felt that the "pound of sour" was almost neutralized by the "drachm of sweet." Karl had been loyal to her, even under, the stress of strong temptation, and Mrs. Far-

#### CHAPTER XX.

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T was past sundown when Karl came in, looking pale and distraught, and avoiding Hepsibah's eye with a self-consciousness that pained her. Very soon after supper he said he was tired and would go to bed, and came to her as usual for a good-night kiss. It seemed to her that the clasp of his arms about her neck was even closer and more clinging than its wont; and yet she could not fail to see a new look of thoughtful sadness in his eyes, or to feel the quivering of his lips as they touched hers. Struggling with the impulse to show him all that was in her heart, and to demand a like confidence from him, she held him close to her breast for a moment and let him go. She had reached another of those points in life to which women come so often, when it is impossible to decide whether it is the part of wisdom to know all things, or to know nothing, to be utterly blind, or to have the all-comprehending vision that sees everything.

But she had to tell Captain David of her afternoon experiences. He was very indignant at first. Mrs. Farleigh's cool proposition, her still cooler assumption as to Karl's best interests, and her resolute ignoring of Hepsibah's righteous claim to the child, who was hers by every tie of spiritual motherhood, being quite too much for his Yankee pride and equanimity. After awhile, however, he began to see, as his sister did, that the mistakes Mrs. Farleigh had made that afternoon grew mainly out of an inability to look at things from any other than her own standpoint. She belonged, as had her kindred for generations back, to the "caste of Vere de Vere." Wealth was, in her eyes, nothing to be proud of. It was simply one of the conditions of being, without which it was hardly worth while to exist. She valued it because it brought in its train culture, ease, grace and all the delicate social refinements, without which it seemed to her life was utterly valueless, Poverty, clothed in picturesque rags, was not half so distasteful to her as what she was pleased to call the vulgarity of the nouveau riche, or the common-place comfort that wore coarse boots and overalls, and was happy and contented in the absence of silver forks and napkins. It may well be doubted whether the thought of adopting Karl, even if she had detected in him the genius of a Raphael, would ever have crossed her brain if he had really been the son of an Eaglescliffe farmer. But the mystery that threw about him a slight halo of romance, and, at the same time, allowed her imagination to clothe him in a web of its own weaving; the absence of any sturdy, unmanageable facts to confront her, or of any disagreeable, unrefined relatives to repel her and break the illusion-all these combined with the boy's rare gifts and loveliness of person and character, to make him precisely what she had for years been searching the world to find. Yet she was warm-hearted, generous and, in her own way, sincere, with a tenacity of purpose that rarely relaxed its grasp, and, under certain circumstances, might be dangerous.

But to go back to Captain David. Something of

"Yes," he said, looking at his hard hands, with an air of curious inspection. "Yes, I s'pose she don't understand us no better'n we do her. Now, that woman seems to me just like a butterfly, flittin' around and havin' a good time in the sunshine, and suckin' a little honey here and a little more there, and not layin' up a bit on't for itself nor for nobody else. Or like a tall meadow lily, that's just pretty to look at as it stands there noddin' when the wind blows, but ain't good even for the cattle to eat! That's the way it seems to me; but maybe she, and folks of her sort, are good for something in a way I can't comprehend. Like enough it's so," he continued, meditatively.

" He made the butterflies as well as the meadowmoles," asserted Hepsibah, with a little sigh for the contrasted lives, "and He set the lilles in among the grasses. So it may be there are those who do His work just as truly by simply being what He seemed to make them to be, and by standing, fair and tall, in the place where He put them, as others do by lives of toil. We can't tell, brother David!"

"Maybe not," he answered, still scrutinizing a callous on his forefinger. "Look at that, now! That ere mark, or one just like it, has been there as long as I can remember. It'll go down into my grave with me, and I ain't a mite ashamed of it. But what hurts me is to have Mrs. Farleigh. and her sort o' folks, act as if a man's natur' must be just as rough as his hands, and have just as many seams and scars in it."

Hepsibah laughed softly. "And if she thought it worth minding (which she probably wouldn't), it would hurt her to know she seemed to you an idle butterfly. So you're even."

The captain looked round the room as if he had never seen it before, taking in everything. He was trying to see it with Mrs. Farleigh's eyes. "It's no use," he said, at last, "Maybe 'tain't grand nor stylish-I don't know nothin' about that-but it's a mighty comfortable, wholesome place 't the good Lord led Karl to, any how! And if our lives are what that woman calls narrer and barren, they're clean clear through to the bottom, and they're honest, Hepsy. Don't you go to feelin' for one minute as if there was a woman on the face o' the airth that can do better by him'n you can. But there's one thing-

He stopped short, pressing his lips together and drumming with his right hand on the arm of his

"Well, what is it?"

"About this little property," he said, wheeling round. "I've been thinkin' about it considerable lately. I must make a will! First thing anybody knows I shall up and die all of a sudden, and then James's children, and Jeremiah's, 'll come in for their thirds, and where'll you and Karl be? I want you to have every cent there is here as long as you live, and then let it go to the

She looked up with shining eyes.

"It won't make him a rich man," she said, "but it will give him a start in the world. Put it all in the will, brother David, so that there can be all this Hepsibah saw, and tried to make him see. no mistake about it; that I am to have the use it goes to your adopted son Karl Harvey."

'I'll put it in them very words, if the lawyer'll let me. Guess I'll get 'Squire Angell to draw it up. There's no use puttin' such things off, either, and I'll 'tend to it very first time I go to the village. Then it'll be settled, and off my mind."

After no little thought, Hepsibah arrived at the conclusion to say nothing to Karl of Mrs. Farleigh's proposition, unless he himself introduced the subject, believing that the less it was discussed the sooner any impression it might have made upon him would fade from his mind. It would not be necessary to give her message as to his sketches, as he would be sure to go for them of his own accord.

Two days afterward, Mrs. Farleigh, sitting at her dressing-room window, saw a slight, boyish figure come slowly up the path from the hedge, its head bowed down, its arms dropped listlessly, its whole air a strange commingling of reluctance and, perhaps, consent. She raised the sash, "Karl! come to me-up here!"

The boy hesitated a moment, his face flushed, and then, as if determined to throw off some painful impression, he gave his head a little toss, and bounded into the house and up the stairs.

The lady met him with outstretched hands, and a smile so radiant that it dazzled him. Something in his attitude, his manner, made her think her victory was won.

"You have thought better of it," she said, in a low, thrilling, tender voice. "You have come to tell me that you will take the place of the little boy that died?"

All the glow and brightness that had flooded his face for a moment died out of it, and the hands

she held grew cold as marble.

"Tell me so, Karl !" she whispered, kneeling beside him and putting both arms about him. "Tell me you will be my son. Think of it, child! You have not even a name that really belongs to you. You do not know who you are, and you never will know. But if you go with me you shall be my son in everything. You shall take my name as well as my love, and we will both begin life anew, where there will be none to ask questions or to disturb us. And you shall be a great painter, Karl, whom the world shall delight to honor, painting not for your daily bread but for glory. Speak to me, Karl!" she cried, impetuously, as he continued silent. "Say you will go with me. Tell me that my little son that was lost has come back to me again!"

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" he exclaimed, looking at her as if in doubt whether to throw himself at her feet or to turn and flee, "Don't say it, Mrs.

Farleigh, it hurts me so !"

"But why?" she asked. "I thought you loved me, Karl; and you have seemed to be so happy here, growing and developing like a rose in the sunshine."

"I do, I do love you!" he cried. "How can I help it? And I have been happy here-so happy that it has seemed like Heaven!

"And yet you don't want to be in Heaven always? What is it keeps you away from me,

and control of it while P need it, but that after that Karl? Is it Miss Morris? What has she said to

"Nothing about this. Why, she doesn't know anything about it, you see! So how could

Mrs. Farleigh's cheeks reddened. Miss Morris must either be very indifferent, she thought, or very sure of her ground, to thus trust her bird in the snares of the fowler without a word of warn-

"Then what is it, Karl?" she repeated. "If it is not Miss Morris, what is it? For I believe every word you say. I know you love me, and are happy with me. You were never so happy in your life as you have been this summer."

"I know it," he said, sadly, "I have been in a new world ever since the day I first came here with Winny. I think I was born that day-when

I first saw the picture!"

"And yet you will stay here to drive cows, and feed pigs, and rake after the hay-cart all your life?

"No, not all of it. Aunt Hepsy means I shall

go to college-and I mean it, too.

"You may possibly go, after long delays and hindrances-go in a poor, scrimped way, doing without the things you need, and practising a hard economy all the while. That is the way you will go to college, if at all. And even if you do, what are the paltry colleges of this country? They are one degree better than nothing, and that is all. I tell you, Karl, you will never be happy unless you are a painter; and how can you be that here, without help, without instruction, without pictures or models?"

He stood with his hands clasped before him, looking off to the far horizon for many minutes,

Then his eyes burned with sudden fire,

"I don't know," he said; "perhaps I can't. But there are woods here, and skies and mountains and human faces. Perhaps it won't make so much difference where I am, if I only work away and keep trying. I don't suppose the greatest master in the world could make a painter of me, Mrs. Farleigh. He could show me how to do things, and make it easier, that's all."

"But it is so hard to work in the dark, Karl, to feel one's way from step to step. You don't know how hard yet. If you did, you would be glad to

let me make it light for you."

"How do you mean?" he asked, turning quickly, and looking eagerly in her face, as the thought struck him that perhaps he had in some way misinterpreted her demands, "You have made it light for me a little already, by what you have taught me. It is not nearly so dark as it was, and truly I can begin to see the way. But do you mean," he added, hesitatingly, "do you mean-when you talk so-about my being your son-that you want me to give up everything here-and Aunt Hepsy-and Captain David?"

Mrs. Farleigh was silent for a minute, her lip quivering, and her color changing. She felt that

the crisis had come.

"That is precisely what I mean," she said at last, "I love you so well, my dear Karl, that I would do anything else to make you happy. But I cannot share my son's heart with any one. I must be all to you or nothing."

There was a choking sensation in Karl's throat, and the blue veins on his temples swelled almost to bursting. He stooped down and kissed the hand that lay upon the arm of her chair.

"Then I must bid you good-bye," he said, timidly, "for I can't give up Aunt Hepsy. It would not be right, and I should be ashamed to do it, even if I did not love her. But I do—and she has loved me always! I could not look you in the face, Mrs. Farleigh, if I were to do so mean

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To do Mrs. Farleigh justice, she knew he was right, and liked him all the better for his steadfastness. Here was a nature true as steel, and so well worth the winning and the holding. When she left the farm-house, after the talk with Hepsibah, she had not meant to pursue the matter farther at present. Not that she had the slightest intention of giving it up. She never gave up anything on which she had once fully set her heart. But she would wait, and let circumstances work for her. She would go away, believing that when Karl was older, his own tastes and desires, the dominant needs of his nature, the very instincts of his being, which drew him towards refined and graceful associations, towards ease and culture and all the beauty of rounded, harmonious living, would lead him out of his life into hers, She had made up her mind to say nothing more to alarm or disturb him-only a few tender words to which even Hepsibah could take no exceptions-and to leave the rest to time. Even across the ocean she knew she could find means to keep herself in his remembrance, and to touch now and then the electric chord that bound them.

But when she saw him coming up the path that morning, something in his drooping attitude, something new that she saw, or imagined—probably the latter—in his carriage and bearing, wrought a sudden change in her determinations.

We have seen with what results.

She was bitterly sorry now—feeling that she had played trumps again, and again lost. The boy admitted that he loved her, that he was happy with her; yet she was no nearer the accomplishment of her purpose than before. But impulsive as she was, she was wise and wary as well.

She looked at him sadly for a moment, as he stood before her with bowed head, and hot, tear-

wet cheeks.

"Well," she said, gently, "we will let it all pass now. Perhaps you are right. Only remember this, Karl. When your path grows hard, and the way dark, as it surely will, you have only to call me and I shall hear. When you are ready to come to me the door stands open, and I shall be waiting for you. Now we will not talk about it any more. Gather up all your things, your sketches and colors and brushes, everything you have used about your work, and put them in that basket. Can you carry it home?"

"But—they are not mine!"

"Oh, yes, they are. I want you to keep them and use them. And then you must bid me good-bye, and not come here again before I go, for I little fall into greater,

don't think I can bear it, Karl. It pains me too much."

He went quietly about doing as she had directed, gathering up all his little possessions in the studio and wherever else they were to be found, his tears flowing noiselessly all the while. Then he came and stood by her side, waiting for her to speak. But she only looked at him.

"Oh!" he cried, at last, throwing himself on the carpet at her feet and burying his face in her lap, while he used the very words she had heard from Hepsibah a few days before, "you make me seem so ungrateful, and, indeed, indeed, I am not! You would be satisfied if you could look into my heart."

"No, I should not," she answered. "Nothing short of a son's love will satisfy me, and that you do not give. Gratitude is a poor substitute. But good-bye, Karl, and remember I shall never forget vou."

She kissed him once, twice, thrice, and then went into the adjoining bed-chamber and closed the door, leaving him in a maze of sorrow and bewilderment. He knew he was in the right, and yet she compelled him to feel as if he was in the wrong. After awhile he stole down-stairs and into the drawing-room, which had not yet been dismantled, to give one parting glance at the beautiful Psyche, and to stand once more entranced in the glorious presence of the Virgin Mother. Then he went out of the house, closing the door softly behind him. He dared not look up at the windows.

The day after Mrs. Farleigh left town, a cart stopped at Captain David's gate, the driver whereof said he had been ordered to deliver sundry bundles and packages to Karl Harvey. The easel he had used, a roll of canvas, a quantity of drawingpaper, more colors and brushes and crayons, a dozen choice photographs, and three or four of the books he had found especially helpful or stimulating. Mrs. Farleigh had had a struggle in her own mind as to the sending of these things. Always keeping in view the end she sought, was it best or not? Which would serve her purpose most effectually, the impetus and uplift of conscious development, or hopeless yearnings after what seemed out of reach? Her heart settled the problem that her reason failed to solve. She would, at least, give him, "tools to work with," the tools she had taught him to use.

So, after that wonderful summer, the old life began again—with a difference. Into the very warp and woof of Karl's being a new element had entered. He never told Hepsibah what had passed between him and Mrs. Farleigh; she never told him of her memorable interview with that lady. Yet each was aware, after some subtle, occult fashion, that the other knew all about it, and the knowledge drew them together in even a closer sympathy. How it quickened and intensified all Hepsibah's aspirations in his behalf, no woman needs to be told.

(To be continued.)

THEY that avoid not small faults, by little and little fall into greater.

GAIN OR LOSS?

"HAT did Mr. Isett want?" asked Mrs.
Bell of her husband.

She had been watching the two men for some time as they stood talking in front of their pretty dwelling, wondering what it could be that interested them so deeply. Mr. Isett had been urging something on her husband, which he had steadily refused; though once or twice he had seemed to hesitate. Mr. Isett she thought unusually excited, if not angry, when he left her husband, and walked hastily away.

"He wants to rent our new house and store on the corner of Elm and River Streets, and offers to

pay a thousand dollars rent,"

The face of Mrs. Bell flushed instantly, and a

pleased light came into her eves.

"A thousand dollars!" she exclaimed; "why, we've never thought of over six hundred. But," and her voice fell, "isn't it promised to Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes; and Mr. Edwards must have it,"

"But not for six hundred dollars?"

"That is the rent I asked; and for his business it is all he can afford. Indeed, six hundred is a good rent, and will pay handsomely on the cost of this property."

"Still, Henry, if we can get a thousand we ought to have it. A thing is worth, you know,

what it will bring."

"Isett's offer is a great temptation, I will confess," said Mr. Bell. "But I don't want to rent him the property. I don't like his business."

him the property. I don't like his business."

"Oh, as to that," answered Mrs. Bell, who had a great desire to become well off in the world, "we can't shut him up, do as we will. Our place isn't the only one in town. His business will go on just the same, decide as we may. And I don't see that it can make much difference whether it be carried on at the corner of Elm and River Streets or somewhere else."

"Maybe not," said the husband, beginning to waver in his good resolution, now that Mrs. Bell spoke so decidedly in favor of renting the property to Mr. Isett, who wanted it for a drinking and billiard saloon." But," he added, with something of regret in his tones, "I am committed to Mr.

Edwards."

"No lease has been signed," said the wife.

"Still, I have passed my word to Mr. Edwards that he should have the house."

"You must get out of it," said Mrs. Bell, firmly.
"We can't afford to throw away four hundred

dollars a year."

Mrs. Bell was resolute, and her husband yielded. It is not usual for a woman to take the wrong side in this way, but Mrs. Bell loved money and the world. She wanted to get rich, and, we are sorry to say it, didn't care much how the riches came.

So the house was rented to Mr. Isett, who fitted it up for a drinking-saloon in a very attractive style. It of course became known all over the town that Mr. Bell had broken his word to Mr. Edwards, the dry-goods merchant, and for an advance of four hundred dollars rented his new house for a drinking and gambling den. As this house stood in the best portion of the town, peo-

ple talked a great deal about it, and much feeling was excited against the Bells after the saloon was opened.

Said a plain-speaking neighbor to Mrs. Bell: "You'll rue the day it was done, mind I tell

von "

There was something so earnest and prophetic in the woman's voice, that Mrs. Bell felt a strange, uncomfortable feeling cresp into her heart.

"People who dig pits for others, sometimes fall into them themselves," added the neighbor.

"Who's dug a pit?" asked Mrs. Bell, half

angrily

"You and your husband, and it is at the corner of Elm and River Streets. A great many unwary young men—our sons and brothers, and husbands it may be—will fall into this pit; and I do not see that you can hope to escape the peril any more than the rest of us. I saw John Toland going in there yesterday, and he is no older than your Henry."

A sudden crimson, and then a quick paleness,

overspread the face of Mrs. Bell.

"Four hundred dollars a year will be a poor compensation for his ruin, I'm thinking, Mrs. Bell; and there is no more security for him than for any of our children. You have put us all in equal peril. But if your Henry is enticed into this den, now or in half a dozen years hence, as I doubt not he will be, the boy will have our pity, but not his mother. Good-morning!"

And the neighbor went away hastily and in much excitement, leaving a troubled heart behind

her.

Mrs. Bell had never thought of this. A few minutes after the neighbor left, her son Henry came in from school. He was a bright boy of thirteen. His face was animated, and he said with much interest in his voice: "I've been all over Mr. Isett's saloon. It's fitted up elegantly."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed the boy a moment afterward, "what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"I did feel sick; but it's over now," answered Mrs. Bell. in a choking voice.

"It's such a nice place," said the boy, taking up his theme. "There are ever so many pictures, and mirrors—"

"Henry, my son!" said Mrs. Bell, interrupting him, "I don't want you to go to Mr. Isett's. It is no place for boys."

Henry's countenance fell. He looked at his mother doubtfully.

"It's our house, isn't it?" he asked after a little
while.

"No matter if it is!" replied his mother, speaking with some irritation. "It's no place for boys, and don't let me hear of your being there again."

Her anger pushed him away, and weakened her influence over him.

The neighbor had planted a thorn in Mrs. Bell's pillow, and it kept her awake for most of the night that followed. On the next morning, as her son was leaving for school, she went with him to the door, and gave him this parting injunction: "Now mind, Henry, you are on no account to go near Isett's saloon!"

"No, ma'am," replied the boy. But the very

injunction proved a temptation. The serious way in which his mother treated the matter, magnified it in his thoughts, and kept it before him.

On his way home from school one of his companions said: "I've got some money. Let's have a glass of beer at Isett's. It's a splendid place.

"I can't go there," replied Henry.

"Why can't you?"

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"Mother won't let me."

"Pooh! She'll never know anything about it. Come along!"

Henry still hesitated, but his companion urged, and at length he weakly yielded.

The thought of her son had not been out of Mrs. Bell's mind all the morning. She felt that he was in danger, and her heart trembled for his safety. She noted the hours as they passed, and after the clock struck twelve, waited in nervous impatience for Henry to come home. After ten or fifteen minutes had passed, she grew restless, and a feeling of vague concern crept into her heart, What if he should have disobeyed her, and gone to Isett's saloon?

It was half-past twelve when Henry came in. entering quietly by the kitchen door. But Mrs. Bell's ears were quick to detect the sound of his

"Henry," she called from the sitting-room. He answered, and came in where she was, Mrs. Bell's keen eye detected something wrong in his

"What has kept you so late?" she asked.

"I stopped at Will Marshall's to look at his rabbits," he answered, covering his disobedience with a falsehood.

As he said this, Mrs. Bell caught the odor of beer on his breath.

"You've been at Isett's!" she exclaimed. sharply, and with such confidence in her accusation, that the boy's self-control forsook him, and he turned his crimsoning face and guilty eyes away, not venturing to stammer a denial.

"And this after what I said to you when you started for school!" said Mrs. Bell, in mingled anger and distress.

"John Toland coaxed me," murmured the boy. "John Toland! Does he go to your school?"

"Yes, ma'am, He sits next to me."

A dark shadow, as of some great impending evil, fell over the mother. She was frightened.

"I shall tell your father of this," she said, in a helpless kind of way.

"Father goes there himself; I've seen him every day," replied the boy, gaining some cour-"Any how, he owns the house, and lets Mr.

Isett have it; and I don't see that it can be such a dreadful bad place."

Mrs. Bell was confounded and silent. The visit of her neighbor on the day before, and the plain way in which she had spoken, had startled and unnerved her. Her mind was filled with a vague dread. Evil portent was in the very air. Now it began taking a definite shape. The pit, of which her neighbor had spoken, stood dark before her imagination, and she saw the feet of both her sor and husband on the crumbling brink.

crumbling brink had only been things of the imagination. Alas for her, and alas for them, that they were more than figures of speech! A few years, and the neighbor's prophesy that she would rue the day the house at Elm and River Streets had been rented for a bar-room, was sadly fulfilled. Husband and son were in the pit; how many more had stumbled over the uncertain brink we cannot tell; but many, ah, too many! had gone to ruin over the threshold of that new and attractive saloon.

Four hundred dollars a year in six fears amounted to the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars. So much gained! And what was lost? Let us see!

We look in upon Mrs. Bell, and find her sitting alone. Her face is greatly changed. Six years make, usually, but light impression on a woman at her time of life; but here the change is striking, and sad to behold. There are lines of trouble all over her faded countenance. Her eves are heavy. and have a dreary expression. The room in which she is sitting has a neglected air; and the furniture looks worn and faded. There is something in the atmosphere of the place that suggests ill-fortune.

She rises and goes to the window, where she stands looking out, her face expectant, but anxious, She starts, then leans her ear to listen. A voice breaks on the air, in a few words of a familiar song. Her face grows pale, and she sinks into a chair.

"Then merrily, merrily sing!"

The voice is thick and maudlin, She hears the door open, and stumbling feet in the room below.

It is her boy Henry. Six years' gain of four hundred dollars a year, and this loss! And if this were all! But it is not. Her son has followed in the father's footsteps. The new saloon, thrown in his daily path to business, had proved too strong an allurement for Mr. Bell. Public sentiment had been against him, and setting himself in opposition to public sentiment, he had in the beginning given countenance to Mr. Isett by frequent visits to his new saloon, and whenever he went there he drank, of course. He went, alas! too often. Ere he dreamed of danger, the fatal appetite was formed, and his feet were going down into the pit. Neglect of business came, as it always comes in cases like this; and, at the end of six years, Mr. Bell was a sinking instead of a rising man.

It took but a few more years to complete the work of ruin. In due time the house at Elm and River Streets passed, by sheriff's sale, into other hands. Then one piece of property after another went out of his possession. In less than ten years from the time that Mrs. Bell, tempted by her love of money, urged her husband to rent their new house for a drinking-saloon, she found herself in poverty, with a drunken husband and a vagabond son; a sharer in the sad evils she had been instrumental in bringing upon her neighbors.

T. S. A.

THE memory of the just is blessed, but the name Well for her and well for them if that pit and of the wicked shall rot.

#### IF I HAD KNOWN.

"HROM William," said Mr. Bancroft, as he reached a letter across the table to his wife,

"Oh! how are they all?" There was a kind of forced interest in the lady's voice.

"About as usual."

"No improvement in William's health?"

"He doesn't say much about his health; but I infer, from a sentence or two in the letter, that there is no improvement."

"He works too hard," said Mrs. Bancroft, unfolding the letter.

"Yes, that's the trouble, I suppose," answered her husband.

Mrs. Bancroft read:

"Dear Brother: I meant to have answered your kind letter earlier, but I am always so tired when my day's work is over, that I haven't spirit enough left for anything. I am pleased to hear that you and Mary had such a charming trip, and that you enjoyed it so much. The scenery, I am told, is very grand, and the air of the mountains so full of life that those who breathe it feel their youth renewed.

"Anna is about as usual—too much to do, and too little strength. I am anxious about her. As for myself, I can't boast much, or complain much. I jog on in the old way and in the old ruts, thankful for the many good gifts that come to me daily.

The children are well.

"You ask when I am going to visit B—. Next spring, I hope; but nothing is certain. I lay out my nice little plans for the coming springs and summers, but they usually come to nothing.

"Give our warmest love to Anna.

"Affectionately your brother,

"WILLIAM."

Mr. Bancroft's brow drew together as his wife read the letter aloud, and he looked both annoyed and worried. At its close he said: "It has always been up-hill work with him, and always will be. The fact is, he doesn't know how to manage."

"He's never had a great deal to manage with," remarked Mrs. Bancroft. "Indeed, knowing what it costs to live, I often wonder how in the world

he contrives to make both ends meet."

"He doesn't do it; there's the trouble. He's always drifting a little behind. I never feel easy about him. Two years ago you know how it was. He was back a whole year with his rent, and, if I had not stepped in and saved him, his furniture would have been sold by the sheriff."

"I never pitied any one so much in my life," said Mrs. Bancroft in reply. "He told me then that to call on you for help hurt him to the very

core."

"I don't know why it should," answered Mr. Baneroft, with a slight show of irritation. "I am his brother."

"He's peculiar and sensitive," replied the wife.

"If he was more prudent and careful, it would be better." was Mr. Bancroft's cold reply.

"One thing is certain," said Mrs. Bancroft; mark that, with William's small income and

"whatever his cares, anxieties or troubles, and they must be heavy, he never annoys us with them,"

"He's always a care on my mind," answered Mr. Bancroft, "I look every day for a break-

down."

This conversation took place in one of the elegant houses that overlook the Public Garden in Boston. Mr. Bancroft started in life as a poor boy, and, having an aptness for business, soon got in the way of advancement. He was careful, economical, industrious and prudent in the management of his own affairs, and just in his dealings with others. He was not public-spirited. His leading maxim was, "Let every man take care of his own, and then all will be taken care of." Acting on this idea, he narrowed down his thoughts and interests to himself and his family, and daily grew richer and more selfish. If, through some constraint of public opinion, he was forced into giving, he felt that he had suffered a wrong.

Thus all his deeds of charity were followed by

annoyance instead of blessing.

"I think," said Mrs. Bancroft, in reply to her husband's last remark, "that it would be better for us all if a breakdown were prevented."

Mr. Bancroft's face grew cloudier. "I wouldn't mind helping him," he said, in a fretful voice; "but I'm not going to throw my money away on his lazy children. Why don't he put them to work at something. They're old enough."

Mrs. Bancroft did not answer. She only glanced along the table at her son and daughter, one eighteen and the other in her sixteenth year, and sighed faintly to herself. But Blanche, the daughter, spoke up with some earnestness, saying: "O father, you wouldn't have Katie go into a store, or learn a trade?"

"Why not? She's no better than thousands of other girls who have to make an honest living. It would be a great deal more respectable for her te depend on herself, than to sit at home and let her father wear his life out to keep her and the rest of them in idleness. I have no patience with this

thing."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Bancroft, who was kinder at heart and more generous than her husband, "you take too much for granted. Now, if I were in your place, I would go to B—, and look right down into the heart of William's affairs. I would know exactly his income, and at what expense he was living. I would see his children, and learn what they were doing, before condemning them. It isn't always best to take things for granted, especially when in doing so we shut our hearts against others."

"I don't take much for granted in this case," replied Mr. Bancroft, coldly. "I have eyes to see. It turns out with William as I have foreseen from the beginning. Even when a boy he was a kind of spendthrift, as you might say. He never could keep money in his pocket. Whether it were a cent or a quarter, it was sure to burn its way through, and it's been so with him ever since, and

will continue to the end."

Mrs. Bancroft's only reply to this was the remark that, with William's small income and large family, she couldn't see how he had managed to get along as well as he had done.

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Mr. Bancroft failed to act on his wife's suggestion. Just how it was with his overworked, patient, struggling brother, he did not know. Whenever he thought of him it was with a feeling of care, largely mingled with annoyance. William was neither prudent nor thrifty; never had got along well, and never would; always had, and always would let his wants go ahead of his income;—so he talked with himself whenever his poor brother was in his mind.

Time went on. Mr. Bancroft's social position inspired social emulation, both in himself and family. Their handsome parlor furniture had reached the advanced age of five years, and, though so well kept as to be almost as good as new, was going dreadfully out of fashion. So it was sent to auction—mirrors, carpets, curtains and all—and replaced at a cost of over four thousand dollars.

"This is elegant?" exclaimed Mr. Bancroft, with a glow of pride, as he surveyed the newly-furnished parlers.

"In perfect taste," answered his wife.

The bell rang. There was a pause as a servant went to the door.

"A telegram," he said, coming into the parlor. Mr. Bancroft opened it and read:

"Your brother William died at six o'clock this morning."

Nothing more—not even a signature to the brief communication.

Mr. Bancroft dropped into a chair from sudden loss of strength. An hour later saw him on the cars, and, early on the morning of the next day, he passed over the threshold of a humble dwelling in which were the lifeless remains of his brother. The cost of a single luxurious chamber in his elegant mansion was greater than that of all the furniture in this modest home. Entering, he went into the little parlor where lay the coffined dead, and looked at the white, shrunken face that was so calm and restful. Every line of care had been smoothed away from the brow, the mouth was full of sweetness and heavenly peace, and Mr. Bancroft saw his mother's image before him.

"My poor brother?" dropped from his lips. His eyes filled with blinding tears.

"Are you his brother?" asked a lady who was alone in the room when he entered. She spoke in manifest surprise.

"I am," was replied.

"Mr. Baneroft, of B-?"

He bowed

"I wish you had come earlier. His death might have been easier for your presence. But," she added, in an undertone, as if speaking to herself, "I don't know."

"I knew nothing of his illness," said Mr. Bancroft, "My first intimation was a telegram announcing his death. Was it sudden?"

" No, sir."

"Was he sick long?"

The lady looked him steadily in the face as she answered: "Yes."

"How long?"
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"Two or three years."

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. Bancroft, quickly.

"Yes."

"I never heard of it."

"For six months he has been dying, and yesterday God gave him rest. 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' A truer, better man than your brother it would be hard to find, Mr. Hancroft. So kind, so self-forgetful, so patient in suffering, so strong to do good in bodily weakness—ah, sir! it was a shame to let him die!"

There was a throb of indignation in her voice that the lady could not repress.

"Let him die! I de not understand you, madam," said Mr. Bancroft.

"He was overtasked. Every day, for years, he has worked beyond his strength, and every day there has been a loss of vitality. He could not let the oars drop from his hands a moment without seeing the boat, so heavily freighted withose he loved, drift downward. A few weeks at the seashore or among the mountains, every year, would have saved him. But no hand was reached out with a generous tender of the little help he needed, and so he pulled bravely against the current until the oars dropped from his exhausted hands."

"If I had known of this!" exclaimed Mr. Bancroft, in the bitterness of sorrow and shame.

"Known of it!" answered the lady, unmoved by his agitation. "Were you not children of the same mother? Known of it!"

In presence of the dead we no longer think of the weaknesses, the errors, the faults that once made us condemn, and pity for what has been borne and suffered fills us with tenderness and regret, Mr. Bancroft's heart was overwhelmed. He had been cold toward his brother, and indifferent to his welfare. He had suffered his thoughts to take an attitude of censure and complaint-had judged his manhood by the weaknesses of youth, and refused sympathy and proffered help because he did not see prudence and thrift where overtasked brain and muscle failed to produce more than enough for the common needs of a family three times as large as his own. But scales were falling from his eyes, and he saw with painful clearness the true position of things. But it was too late.

The stricken widow received him coldly—almost with rejection. He saw, in her tear-filled eyes, flashes of ill-concealed scorn. Even in the sorrow that almost overwhelmed her with despair, love for the dead inspired a feeling of indignation toward the brother who had been so cruelly indifferent.

"If I had known of all this!" he said to her, after the funeral. "But William never wrote me any particulars about himself."

"I have seen the letters," she simply answered,
"in which, under unusual depression of spirits
from overwork and failing strength, he has let
you see, in part, how weak and overbardened he
was, hoping that your sympathy would be
awakened; and I have seen your answers to such
letters."

Mr. Bancroft looked at the woman in dumb sur-

prise. Recovering himself, he said: "It is too late to help him; but not too late to help those who were dear to him. He leaves nothing, of course."

"A life insurance of eight thousand dollars,"

"I will make the sum up to twenty-five thou-

sand," said Mr. Bancroft, promptly.

The widow covered her face and wept silently for some minutes. Then, looking toward Mr. Bancroft, she answered more kindly than she bad before spoken, but with a decision of tone that left no doubt of her purpose: "Neither I nor my children have any claim upon you, Mr. Bancroft, and, while I thank you for your generous offer, I must explicitly decline its acceptance. We will not take ease and comfort on the money that would have made his life less toilsome-his path smoother, his dying pillow softer. Oh, no, sir! If he would have consented, I would have gone on my knees to you long ago and begged for his waning life. But he had too fine a sense of independence, and would not ask what love failed to offer. It is over now; God has given him rest."

The widow was unmoved in her resolution. Her eldest daughter had been for over a year learning the trade of a dressmaker, and was now ready to commence taking in work for herself. Her eldest boy, a lad of remarkably fine mind,

was in a lawyer's office, and she meant, if possible, to keep him there. She had been preparing, with her daughter's help, to lighten her husband's too heavy load. But he had fallen by the way, never to rise again, and now she must take up the burdens he had laid down, and bear them forward. Bravely did she set herself to the work, and with an advantage in her favor never possessed by her husband. Eight thousand dollars in money, paid to her on his life policy, gave her this advantage. As soon after her sad bereavement as she could gather up strength for duty, she took a house more suited to the business in view than the one occupied at her husband's death, and put ont a dressmaker's sign. Her own taste supplemented her daughter's skill, and it was not long before they had a well-filled workroom, and as much as they could do.

Years have gone by. The widow has raised and educated her younger children. Katie is married well, and her eldest brother is coming into a good legal practice. As for Mr. Bancroft, he has never gotten over the pain and humiliation felt on the occasion of his brother's death. Several times he proffered aid to the widow, but she firmly, though kindly, put the proffer aside, answering, "We are getting along very well, and have everything

we need."

## Religious Reading.

#### "AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

BY RICHMOND.

"COME unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The burden of care, and duty, and sorrow which lay upon the stooping shoulders of Mr. Paulus was very heavy. He tried to bear up patiently; to trust in God; to believe that all was for the best; but often his faith had sore trial, and often it came into great obscurity. He was sitting now, alone, after a day of unusual toil and anxious care. The Book to which, in a kind of half-despairing heart-sickness, he had gone for comfort, lay open before him, and his eyes were resting on that blessed saying of our Lord which we have quoted above.

Hundreds and hundreds of times had Mr. Paulus read it before, and hundreds and hundreds of times, in his weary and burdened life, had he called it up from his memory and tried to gain the good that was promised. And why had he not found that good long ere this? It was the sure Word of God. It was from the Faithful and the True, Mr. Paulus lifted his eyes and sat musing; then he let them fall to the page again and read: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"His yoke? His burden? What are they? How shall I take them up?" he now asked of himself, and with that eagerness of spirit, sometimes born iety."

of self-exhaustion, after we have toiled hard and long to reach some tempting fruit on the dead sea of mere natural life, and find it ashes and bitterness to the taste; an eagerness of spirit that turns hopelessly away from the world and looks heavenward for help and consolation.

Never, perhaps, in his whole life, had his mind been in such obscurity touching the true import of this Divine saying. Years before it had seemed clear enough. He had simply to go to the Lord in his Christian profession; to submit himself to the ordinances of the church; to withdraw himself from worldly sins and pleasures; believing that if he fell into trouble or sorrow he would find rest and comfort. As the years went by the trouble and the sorrow found him; but not the peace and rest.

A friend came in; a tried and faithful friend; one farther along in the spiritual journey. He saw the dreary look and suffering air which the faint smile could not hide, and as he held the hand of Mr. Papius said: "Nothing wrong, I trust?"

"Perhaps not," was answered. "We know that God is good, and that His tender mercies are over all His works. But our poor hearts are so weak, and poor eyes so blind. Overburdened, and faint, and fearful, I have gone, with tears and entreaty, to Him who promises rest to those who labor and are heavy laden—gone so many and so many times—yet ease and rest I cannot gain."

"Heavy laden with what?" asked the friend.
"With care and trouble; with fear and anx-

"About business and the things of this world?"

"Yes. What else should trouble me?" Yet even as Mr. Paulus asked the question, a light came into his mind, and he added, with some humility in his voice: "If my faith and trust were strong enough, none of these things would have power to disturb my soul. Ah! if I had only a true, sustaining faith!"

"The faith that works by love," said his friend,

in a quiet but impressive voice.

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The eyes of Mr. Paulus, which had dropped to the floor, were raised quickly to those of his friend.

"Of love?" he queried. There was a tremulous play of light and feeling in his face.

"Faith has no power without love; no more than the cold, unfructifying light of winter. Love alone gives it life and potency."

"Love! Love! Love of God? Ah, if I could only feel His love shed abroad in my heart! How often and ardently do I pray for this!"

"There must be in our souls a dwelling-place for the Lord's love," said the friend. "We must make ready the guest-chamber if we would have our Lord enter and abide, and give us the rest and peace that come with His presence."

"The dwelling-place for His love! The guestchamber in which He can abide! Say on."

"First, love of the neighbor; then love of the Lord. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? Surely, my friend, there must be a love of the neighbor in our hearts before the Lord's love can find a dwelling-place therein! Through our brother to God. There is no other way. And it is because we seek Him for ourselves alone, not really earing for our neighbor, that we do not find Him. We labor and are heavy laden in the service of self, and God cannot give us rest because we do not go to Him through service to our neighbor. Whenever that is done, in meekness and self-denial, we shall find rest unto our souls."

Mr. Paulus sighed deeply as his head bent forward. Love of the neighbor! He looked down into his heart. How strong the love of self; how feeble the regard for others! He was burdened, and faint, and sick with anxious care for himself; but for his neighbor, there was little or no real concern. Nor had the burdens that oppressed him, nor the cares and fears that made his heart sick and his life weary, their origin in any deep sense of spiritual need or peril. Their source was to be found in the love of mere natural good, after which he was eagerly seeking, and in its disappointment and fear of loss.

Light was breaking into his mind.

"We must seek first, in our ends and purposes, the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and then all things shall be added unto us," continued the friend. "All the good things of this world that we can use without letting the love of them come between us and a love of God and our neighbor; and all the abundance of spiritual blessings the Lord is ever desiring to bestow—love, peace and joy such as the angels know. Then, and not till then, can our heavy-laden souls find rest,"

"But shall we pause in our world's work, that we may give our lives more completely to a ser-

vice of the neighbor?"

"In all useful work that we do faithfully and well, there is service to the neighbor. It is the spirit with which we enter into our work that determines whether the reward in it shall be rest and satisfaction, or weariness and disappointment. If we care only for ourselves, if we diligently gather in and lay up this world's goods that we may selfishly enjoy them, disappointment is sure to come. As our end is, so shall our reward be. In all work that is for ourselves alone, we labor and are heavy laden, and find no rest; and God cannot give us rest, because our hearts are closed to His entrance—though He stand without all the while, knocking and asking to come in."

"Twenty years a church member," answered Mr. Paulus; "twenty years of effort to lead a Christian life, and the very A, B, C of my spiritual alphabet still to learn! No wonder that I have not found rest! Through our neighbor to God! My friend, you have startled me with a truth I

was blind not to have seen long ago."

"No truth of Scripture is more clearly stated. What is the essential spirit of Christianity but love of the neighbor? A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples. He gave His life for us; but what do we give? Ah! so little! And in what a grudging spirit! And too often with a latent feeling that we are robbing ourselves."

"I do not wonder, as I see it now," Mr. Paulus said, "that my life has been so burdened and restless; for my heart has been set on the things of this world, and not on the things of Heaven. I have not given myself to business with a patient, trustful spirit, having always as careful a regard to my neighbor's good as to my own, content, after due diligence, to let the result be as my heavenly Father might see best. Instead, I have been anxious to compass large results; to hold my own in that eager struggle for gain which is the mania of our day and generation. What could I have looked for but the burden and care, the disappointment and loss, the peril and fear, that have been my wretched companions—driving sleep too often from my eyelids, and intruding themselves upon my hours of devotion, standing between me and God!

"The spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ," answered the friend, "are wholly at variance with each other. Alas for the many who call themselves after the name of Christ, and have not Hisspirit in them! Who, in their business or profession, are more eager for gain than service, grasping, and getting, and holding. Who, when they make an offering to the church or for charity, call it a gift unto God, as if all they possessed were not His, and they only stewards and almoners! Shall we wonder if, when trouble, or sorrow, or loss, or misfortune visits them, and in thought and prayer they make an effort to approach the Lord that He may give them rest and comfort, they do not find what they seek?"

"Surely," answered Mr. Paulus, almost pain-

fully, "the Lord will not turn away from even such, if they come to Him."

"His words are, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' Now, it is not by thought and prayer that we go to the Lord, though these may help us on the way, but by doing His commandments. We can only get near to Him in the degree that we deny our selfishness and love of the world, and make His precepts of neighborly regard and service the law of our lives. We do not open the door at which He stands knocking, and desiring to come in that He may give us His blessing, by any act of thought or will, nor even by fervent prayer; but by removing the bolts of selfishness that hold it barred against Him. The better will and truer thought that prayer may inspire, must come into the outer life before the voice of God is truly heard and the door swung open for Him to enter. Then and then only do we go to Him and He come to us-then and then only do we find rest unto our souls."

Alone again with himself and God, who was closer to him than he thought, Mr. Paulus pondered deeply the words of his friend, and as he pondered, their truth grew more apparent, and the saw deeper things in the Divine law than had ever before come unto his perception—a spirit and a life that demanded a higher obedience and a though earth were still our dwelling-place.

better service than he had yet given. As in noon-day light it was clear to him, that he must have purer ends and higher aims in business, if he would come spiritually near to Christ and be truly His follower. What profit, though he gained the whole world, if, haply, his soul were lost? The low shiver that crept through his heart in answer to the question startled him like a cry of danger.

Yes, God was nearer to him than he thought. drawing him by the power of truth, and the loving ministrations of angels, out of his lower and meaner self into a perception of things higher and purer. He had never been so lifted up-never had such clear light in his soul-never felt the strength and purpose that were given to him now. And with all came a sense of rest, and peace, and trust. In so far as one gets near to God through a sincere and intelligent purpose to do His will, Mr. Paulus had approached Him, and the blessing of His Divine presence had touched and penetrated his soul. He might get nearer and nearer day by day, as we all might if we would, until peace flowed as a river. Happy for him-happy for us all-if, through self-denial and neighborly regard and service, we came closer and closer to our Divine Lord and Master, with every passing moment. Heaven would be our portion then, even

# Molhers' Department.

#### POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.\*

THERE are many mothers who carefully instruct their very small children to be profoundly respectful to their superiors in position, but who seem to forget that the hewers of stone and the drawers of water are they who lay the foundations of all the noble structures of the world, and also that to be respectful to an inferior may be nothing more or less than self-respect.

The best governors of the most intractable people know very well that a condescending courtesy and a polite acknowledgment of a subject's willingness to be of service, is the surest method of retaining his loyalty and subordination. An employed person performs his stated duties for just so much compensation, but an admitted appreciation of zeal or skill stimulates ambition, while expressions of gratitude increase the wish to be of more valuable service to the employer. To the really conscientious, kindly domestic the gentle manners and patient consideration of a child appeal strongly; and a hundred-fold more devoted will be the care bestowed after kind words than in consequence of the receipt of mere regular

Even if this were all, it would be a sufficient reason why children should be taught courtesy as soon as they can speak, but this is not by any means the highest reason for politeness. This is

the purely practical, selfish use of courtesy, but the deep sentiment of nobility, the real politeness that comes of gentle breeding must be trained in the little, soft, warm heart of the infant from the earliest days of intelligence.

The finest natures produce the kindliest demeanor. It may happen that tenderness and generosity are concealed beneath a rough manner, but a gentle deed loses much of its value if coarsely performed.

The mother whose voice is raised in command, is seldom obeyed as readily as she whose words are low and gentle, but always firm and without excitement, in her method of utterance. If she always thanks her attendant, and requires her child to do the same, she will most likely have performed the double duty of instilling refined sentiments and behavior in her child, and securing more devoted service from her domestic.

Children are almost invariably arrogant by nature. The very first part of their lives is spent in receiving service at the hands of others, and the domineering quality of their dispositions is fostered by the necessities of their feeble condition. Here it is that the dangerous biases of mind and manner take deepest root to flourish in disagreeable, if not positively offensive growth, in after life. To be kind and considerate to his brothers and sisters is not sufficient discipline for the small monarch. He early learns that they are monarchs also, and that a warfare may be very easily but unequally waged between them; while the faithful

<sup>\*</sup> Metropolitan.

servant has no defence for herself against his tyrannies. The child companion feels at liberty to strike back, but the servant must endure and be patient, and for this reason consideration to a subordinate should be the earlier and more carefully instilled in the young mind of the tiny man and woman. They should be made to comprehend that generosity, considerateness and tenderness to an inferior is not only a wholesome virtue but an imperative duty.

We have seen children reared in families who would have been shocked had they supposed that their conduct of life was not regulated by the loftiest and noblest of all Christian laws, who practiced small meannesses to their attendants, that stained the fairest of their virtues and the sweetest of their qualities; but the mother failed

to observe it.

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The only way that we have of accounting for this cruel misbehavior is by supposing that form and manner, instead of a deep sentiment of justice, controlled the heads of the family.

It is not attractive to be other than gentle in one's behavior, and while it is merely an accomplishment in some households, it is a humane, if not a religious principle in others; and it is only in the latter that genuine high-breeding is ever discovered.

The child who expresses a real sense of gratitude for the faithful care of its nurse, is not likely to be unjust to any one in its after-life, and it is in justice and gentleness toward others we find embodied the true spirit of obedience to the laws of our country. A man can neither be guilty of falsehood or theft, or commit a cruel deed, if he has an inbred sense of justice and kindness for his fellows in this world. This habit of thought and manner makes crime almost impossible, while the marvelous charm of courteous manners, and a graceful acknowledgment for all favors, carry a subtle force and a winning influence all over the world, no matter with whom we come in contact.

# Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

EAN INGELOW relates the following in her "Stories Told to a Child."

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock " and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snowstorms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive

moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for-scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English

home, says Miss Ingelow, have I awoke in a wild lazily asked another to give him what he wanted winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure. How delightful to know that through her untiring charity the rock has lost more than half its terrors.

There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous as the one I have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is

#### HELP YOURSELVES.

ON'T ask another to do for you what you can easily do for yourself. I've heard a boy say to his little sister, "Run, Katy, and get my hat," or, "Bring me a glass of water," when he ought to have served himself and not

And what is worse, I've heard that very boy's little sister call to him from the head of the stairs and say: "Bring up my doll's apron when you come, please, brother John;" and how do you think he answered? Just in these words: "I'm not your waiter, miss! Come down and get it for yourself."

But when we think about it, it is not so strange that John should have been disobliging. It was his selfish love of his own ease, and a disregard of his sister's ease and comfort that made him ask her to do for him so many things that he should have done for himself. The selfish are always disobliging, and John only acted from the mean spirit he was permitting to rule him. If he should read this, I hope he will see, as in a glass, the picture of himself, and be so shamed by the image as to seek to become noble in spirit, more self-dependent, and more obliging to every one around him.

# Poma Circle.

#### THE GIRLS AT MILLWOOD.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 5.

RIDAY AFTERNOON.-It was Lottie's turn to-day to wash the dinner-dishes. It must have been two hours after the meal was over when I went into the pantry, and there stood the dishes yet, while she sat reading a late magazine.

I said: "Why, Lottie, what does this mean? You should have had the dishes all washed long

She blushed very rosy, and said: "Why, I sat down to read while the water heated, and the first thing I knew it was boiling, then I thought I'd read until it cooled off, and I do beg your pardon, auntie, but I forgot, and it grew cold, so I had to wait until it was just right."

I said: "Charlotte Adaline! how can you look me right in the eyes and detail all the particulars of such atrocious housekeeping as that!" but she flew at me, and, though I tried my very hardest, she made me laugh.

I was really vexed with the girl-and yet, her mother is just like her. She never felt ashamed to sit down and read and let the table stand, and the dish-water boil, and the biddies come in and pick up crumbs, and the dog stand and whine for his dinner. Oh, it was too bad!

I wonder what you girls will think of the plan we have adopted in dish-washing. So far we like it. I will tell you. You know where there are a dozen to sit down to the table three times a day, that washing dishes is big work and hard work. Well, this is our present way: Our dish-pan is as large as those in common use at a hotel. The cups and saucers, glasses, plates and deep dishes are all washed in hot soap-suds and then placed back in the pan and plenty of scalding hot water poured over them. They are then taken out while piping hot, and turned up side down on a clean, old cloth in the bottom of a large basket, a clean cloth laid over loosely, and the basket shoved back under the shelves in the pantry. The cutlery is polished twice a day and put away separate from the dishes. The heat in the dishes from the scalding water dries them thoroughly. Before a meal is ready, one of the girls sets the table. It is no small item to wipe dishes three times a day and put them all in their places in the cupboard, to be taken out in a few hours, and the same formula gone through again, three times three hundred and sixty-five times in a year.

This plan saves time, and the girls all like it. Mary used crumpled up newspaper to polish the tinware and the britannia tea and coffee-pot. It is better than sand or whiting, and imparts a polish more like silver. She washes them in soap-suds first, rinses well, then polishes.

Monday .- I saw a very little item of real Frenchified neatness and good taste this morning. Josephine is going to a party to-morrow evening, and she was looking her clothes over to see what she would wear, and she finally concluded to wear her stand-by, black alpaca.

"I wish I had something bright for my hair," she said, musingly.

Poor school-girls intent on an education do not generally wear very expensive clothing. Just as she said this, one of the Hamilton girls passed us with a handful of scraps, and bits, and odds, and ends, on her way to put the fragments in the ragbag that hangs in the closet.

Josephine's eyes chanced to see a bit of bright green gros-grain silk in her hand, and she stopped her and took it out. It was about two inches square, an end snipped off a ribbon. What spirit of ingenuity did possess that girl, I wonder?

She saw in it the very adornment for her hair

that she needed. Sitting down, she carefully ravelled out the remnant of rich gros-grain and laid the flossy threads evenly and straight upon her knee. When done, she doubled them, fastened them into a hair-pin, and, lo! she had a delicate and beautiful adornment for her hair. Just where the curls are caught up at the side above her ear, she will place this bright bit of a beautifier, and it will be just what she needed among her raven tresses.

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If any of you girl-readers are ever at a loss, as she was, you can take a hint. If your brothers ever had brilliant neckties or butterflies palmed off upon them before they were old enough to know that only black was in good taste, you can put them to a like use. If you wear a ribbon about your neck, the color in your hair should match it. Green, though, would be permissible, I presume, with pink, because geranium leaves or myrtle are pretty in one's hair at all times.

Wednesday noon,-Mary has been sick, and old Dr. Parsons called twice to see her. He said she must quit drinking sweet milk, that she was bilious, and it only aggravated the tendency to bilious fever. None of us ever knew before that milk was not a proper drink for one of sedentary habits. At her home in the country, while she was busy working, running in-door and out, and leading an active life, then milk was a proper drink if she desired it.

We use fruits and berries freely, with but little sugar and no cream. The doctor told us a great many things about the laws of health that we did not know before.

How necessary it is that the blood be pure, and and that the air we breathe be not contaminated by any foul odor, or effete matter, or the poison arising from stagnant pools and mill-ponds!

Friday morning .- Last night was beautiful; the moon was full and the air balmy, and all outdoors was delightful. My head had ached all day, and the thought came to me that it would be pleasant to walk out. I paused a minute to think which girl I should ask to accompany me, but just then Margie came down the stairs, and, seeing me, said: "O auntie, what a beautiful evening this is! Let us go some place!"

We walked down the street under the elms until we came in sight of the mill-dam just across the meadows. The water sparkled in the moonlight, and the white foam was plainly visible. Margie said the picture was perfect—the quiet village, the surrounding hills, the sugar grove beyond, the tall church steeples gleaming like silver in the chastened light of the moon, the river, the old mill with its mossy roof, the beautiful woodland, the mingled landscape of hill and valley, and the blue summer sky gemmed with stars

We stood leaning against the fence, soothed and lulled by the rush of the flowing water, not heeding how the time was passing, until we were roused by the peel of the church-bell. The sound reverberated among the hill-tops, and died away in the distance in the lowlands that stretched out and were lost to view by the groves of magnificent partially dry before being loosely put up. timber.

As we turned homewards, the church music fell upon our ears, and we joined the crowd on the pavement, and were soon seated among the worshippers in the new Methodist church. The house was quite full, and we had no choice of seats, and it happened, unfortunately, that I sat beside old Mrs. Grimes, a good old lady, but an habitual smoker. Margie can stand the fumes of tobaceo smoke, so she exchanged places with me, and I sat beside Ella Hunter, the village schoolma'am. Ah me, I thought, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Miss Hunter uses musk. Some one has said that any person using musk should not be allowed the rights of citizenship, and his or her presence should not be tolerated in company. That was well said, only we wish the suggestion could be made a penal offence instead. I was ashamed to move again. My headache, half gone, came back with a force that throbbed and knocked my temples cruelly.

Pretty soon a bevy of bright girls came in; the house was full, and they stood in the aisle in evident distress. I sat over and made room for a pretty little robin of a creature, who crowded Well, perhaps she had no down beside me. mother to teach her how to care for her abundant goldy-brown hair. I said this apologetically, as I turned my face the other way, and felt nauseated and sick. She was in the habit of wetting her hair and putting it up, and, I should judge, of sleeping with it twisted up compactly. The mass had soured, like any other warm, wet substance or package would, and the odor was very bad indeed. I cannot conceive how a woman could even have tolerable health with such a foul thing following her about continually, even to her lying down and rising up, and about her daily avocations. The poisonous influence must affect the system in some form or other.

You all know what the state of the atmosphere is in a crowded church when the audience opens its mouth to sing. You know what kinds of mouths and what conditions some of them are in on such an occasion, and you will agree with me when I say that more new laws and stricter ones are needed. It is a pity that the same restrictions above hinted at could not apply to hair and teeth, as well as to the odor of musk, citronella and other deafening and deadening and defiant perfumes. They are simply atrocities, and should not be tolerated.

Among well-bred women of good taste, the care of the teeth and the softly pliant, flowing hair is accounted a pleasure.

The teeth should be examined by a dentist every six months or a year at most, and his advice should be acted upon with the utmost promptitude. Do whatever he tells you.

The hair should be brushed out loosely every night on retiring, and flung back of the pillow. The scalp should be washed once every week or two weeks with borax and tepid water, rubbed thoroughly, and then washed in clean water, and the hair and head dried as much as possible with a soft, dry towel, then brushed, and suffered to

When I told some of my girls these restrictions

of mine, they said: "Can we do it and not neglect our studies?

I replied that there was leisure often in which they could care for the hair and not lose a moment's time, that when once regular habits were formed, they would very readily fall into these new ways and would be delighted with them. I frequently see one of the girls committing from her open book while she brushes her hair dry, and is so intent on her lesson that she is hardly aware how well her hands are doing their work.

My head ached worse than ever after we returned home last evening, and in the snatches of sleep that came fitfully, I seemed to be sitting in a smoking-car, breathing in the suffocating air, while open-mouthed singers sat facing me, and I felt their warm, foul breath upon me. Oh, the night seemed fearfully long and lonely! girls will attend to the work to-day and leave me nothing to do but sit here and rest and get well

Evening.-I must tell you something new, and, I think, very pretty. The girls made a little surprise-party this evening, and came tip-toeing softly in, all looking their very brightest and best. This is the evening of public society, and Mary and Kathie are on for discussion. I did wish I

could have gone, too.

I said sometime ago that I would have a Dolman made out of my old black cashmere shawl, the one I wore for mourning when George Nelson died, but I had forgotten about it. This evening, the girls brought the new Dolman, made out of the old shawl. They had slipped it out of my trunk, and got Esther Hamilton to cut and make it. It is trimmed with good lace, some they bought among themselves, and is certainly a very neat, and dressy, and becoming article of apparel.

I think thibet, and cashmere, and merino shawls are so clinging, and give one such a povertystricken appearance, that it is good economy to make them over into something more modern and

more becoming.

The dear girls! I am afraid they couldn't afford to buy this beautiful lace, that is all I can say in opposition to this generous expression of their good will, but they assured me that it was a pleasure for them to do so, and nothing gave them

greater joy than to make me happy.

So, if any of you have old black shawls that you do not need, or do not value, have something made out of them that will be new and useful. There will be material enough left that they can be trimmed beautifully with the same goods, nicely pinked and put on prettily.

#### OUR PARLORS.

Ow, pa, don't go in there, with your old, dirty clothes on. I've just got it cleaned, and I don't want the carpet soiled and

the room all mussed up for nothing!"

"Pa," as Mrs. Fowler called her husband. stopped on the threshold, and looked for a moment across upon the forbidden ground, then, with a sigh, turned away, passed out and took a seat on a wooden chair in one corner of the old, dingy

He had spent nearly a quarter of an hour brushing and cleaning up before he dared venture to even go into the sitting-room, and thought he would just step into the parlor and try that new easy-chair he brought from town last week, and hear Jennie play on the piano he had sacrificed so much to buy for her. He seldom if ever heard it any nearer than the kitchen, and there he sat now, thinking and wondering. He toiled and worked hard all day, on his broad acres, and for what? To earn a corner of the poorest room in his own house, and a wooden chair to sit upon! He used to enjoy himself when they had but one room, and all sat together of an evening. But the wife and daughter had outgrown and outlived those old primitive ways, and those old-fashioned days, and the consequence was, the parlor was too nice for "pa" to enter, unless, indeed, when the stove had to be moved, or the whitewashing done, or the carpet taken up and dragged out once every year. And he sometimes found himself wondering if there were not a bit of reason in the question little four-year-old Freddy asked him one

"Pa, will they have nice rosy carpets, and soft chairs, and lace curtains up in Heaven?"

"I hope not, child. Why do you ask?"

"Because I was thinking, papa, maybe they wouldn't let you and me in, you know."

But how many homes there are all over our land, where the proper head of the family, the one whose money buys all the fine things, the one who toils to earn them, rarely is permitted to enjoy them. How often do the dear, tired feet walk across the velvet roses, on the new carpet, to purchase which they have, perhaps, plodded many a mile, uphill and down, behind the plough?

How many times a year, in such households, does the weary head, over which the silver threads are beginning to creep, lean back, in quiet, restful peace, against the cushions of those easy-chairs? and yet, there they stand for-somebody.

Perhaps the buying of them made some of those same silver threads steal in among the dark locks, for the brow was wrinkled in deep, earnest thought for weeks planning how to afford the means to buy just those same easy-chairs. But wife and daughter said "must," and so they were

purchased.

Oh, dear women! don't shut up your parlors. Don't, after you have cleaned, and repapered, and put up your prettiest pictures, and brackets, and ornaments, and have stood back and looked all around, and thought how such a painting would look to Mr. So-and-so, or such a piece of furniture would set Mrs. Not-over-wise raging with envy. Don't, I say, give a satisfied nod, and then go round to each window and slam shut the blinds, and close up every chink where the least ray of sunlight can peep in, and go off in the little, heated back room, and sit down, tired, and warm, and exhausted, and imagine you have done your duty. No, don't do it, dear, whoever you are, wherever your home is; but open the windows-don't be afraid of a little sunshine. Of course, nobody wants her best carpet all faded out by the glaring, noon-day sun. To enjoy the sunshine, it isn't

necessary to broil in it, but let in enough once in awhile to take away that gloomy, chilly, parlor-y atmosphere that is so often found in this one best (oftener worst) room in the house. Let in a laughing sunbeam once in awhile, and see how much prettier the roses on the carpet will blush, and how the pale photograph faces will brighten in their walnut frames, and almost seem to nod a pleasant "thank you" for the cheering ray of outdoor beauty. And when you arrange your rooms, instead of trying to excite emulation in those who come and sit, perhaps, ten minutes with you twice a year-ruffled, and puffed, and furbelowed. and crimped, and curled, and kid-gloved-think lovingly of the dear ones at home, and of their comfort and happiness. Think, "Now I'll put this easy-chair here by this pleasantest window, where the rose-bush grows, for father will like to sit here after he comes in at evening, and this footstool for little Jennie at his feet; and this pretty picture of little Nellie, who went to Heaven a two-year-old baby, shall hang right here, low down, where grandma can see it, for she was grandma's pet; and the stand and the bracket that Charlie made shall be here in this corner, for though they are a little rough, yet the dear boyhands made them for mamma's birth-day present." And so weave love into every nook and corner, and you'll never went to shut it all upyour best room, your parlor-and only open it to outsiders. You will enjoy it best then with your own loved ones around you, for they will appreciate your thoughtfulness, and pay you in the home endearments that are better than fashion, better than glitter, better than anything outside of the four walls made dear and sacred by sweet home ties. Mrs. HATTIE F. BELL.

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#### FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 7.

I DID not finish my last chat as I wished to.
Indeed, I came near not finishing it at all, for
a sudden calamity came upon me.

Roy had been ill for a long time, and now, during the weary days of slow convalescence, when there was little he could do to interest or amuse himself, I tried to entertain him a little by reading aloud. My eyes have never been strong during my invalid state, but since improvement in health commenced. I have used them a good deal, and thought they would bear a little more for a few days. But the strain was too great, and sad consequences followed. Pain, dimness of vision, and such sensitiveness to light, that for days I had to lie in a darkened room, unable to do anything which required sight, and very gradually my eyes became accustomed to the light again. and recovered enough to be used a little. What anxiety I suffered can well be imagined, when the fearful thought sometimes presented itself, that I might lose the use of them altogether. But rest is restoring them, and I can again scribble enough that I need not lose my place in the "Home Circle," I should be loth to say good-bye to the friends who welcome me there.

While I lay in that quiet room, alone sometimes for hours, I had time for a good deal of serious reflection, and it is because of these thoughts which came to me that I have spoken here of this personal trouble.

And one of those which was impressed oftenest on my mind was, that we can never abuse nature's laws without suffering the penalty. It is wrong to use any power that is given us beyond what we feel sure it is able to bear without injury, unless real necessity compels it. Yet this is one of the hardest laws to keep, especially with active, energetic people who have little physical strength. There are so many temptations on every hand for pleasure, for comfort or convenience, for seeming necessity. Sometimes the safe boundary line is overstepped without our being hardly conscious of it. Sometimes we err through ignorance, and often from not being quite sure, but thinking we will risk a little without hurting ourselves much, as in my case in this instance. Yet the penalty follows inevitably. I did not know it would injure my eyes, yet I must have known that there was a little risk; so it was wrong, I suppose, to do it. Better to have others feel a little dullness or discomfort, than to have incurred an injury which it may take months or years to repair. Better, often, for persons to suffer under the imputation of indolence or want of energy, than exhaust the physical powers until health suffers from it. There are times, I know, when the matter is hardly optional with us, when the suffering and helplessness of our loved ones calls imperatively for the overtaxing of our strength for their good. Then we should do our duty to them, and leave the rest to Him who knows better than we why such things are, and what will be best for us. But even then we should watch all our chances for taking care of ourselves-not from any selfishness, but as a duty, both to those who are depending on us and to ourselves. We should remember that our bodies are the temples of the living soul, and made in the image and likeness of God, and that it must be displeasing to Him for us to willingly and knowingly abuse them. I know these things have been said by many, in many different ways, I only wish, because of having proved them by experience and suffering, to add a word to that of those who are before me,

During some of these summer days, while I have been shut in from the brightness of the outside world, with its green trees, its flowers and singing-birds, Hope has kept me from being lonely by reading to me. This time it was the Gates Ajar" which we peeped through-a book which I have long wished to read, and was more than pleased with the greater part of it, though I think the ideas and fancies are carried too far in some places, and she gives herself too much freedom of thought, A book which ought to do much good to many who have gloomy views of their separation from, and future meeting with, those whom they have loved and lost, and vague and unsatisfactory ideas of Heaven and its joys. It set me thinking and wondering if very many people did believe that we would do nothing there

but sing, and play on harps, and stand or fly about in white robes. I have heard my mother say that, when she was a little girl, she used to think how tired she would grow, standing and singing all the time. But then she was only a child, and could not be expected to reason about it. What a useless, unsatisfactory life it would be for immortal souls who are made with capacities for being useful, for doing good, for "glorifying God," as "Deacon Quirk" said. What is it to "glorify God?" Would it be (for a being who is unselfish and generous) to have countless myriads all the time doing nothing but singing His praises? Would it have been worth while creating them to live through eternity for this? It seems to me to be an ungrateful, unappreciative idea of His love and wisdom, and to detract from His greatness. But different minds must, of course, look upon these things in different ways. I suppose some will not like the book at all, but to some it must be very, very comforting.

I was lying the other evening, with my lounge drawn out where I could enjoy the refreshing breeze, and Hope sat with her back to the window, her fair head bent over her book, in which she was deeply absorbed, when suddenly there was a light rustle outside, and a rose just brushed her curls, and fell at her feet. She turned with a quick movement, and the color flushed into her face, and as I raised my head, I saw the figure of the same young man I have so often seen at her door. He lifted his hat, as he begged my pardon for his seeming rudeness, adding that his was so fair a mark, he could not resist. I replied, he could only be excused on condition that he brought me some of the same roses, as I had been lamenting that mine were all done blooming, and I had been wishing for some that morning. This he readily agreed to, putting the promise into effect immediately, and returning, after a few minutes absence, with a handful of fragrant beauties.

We joined him on the shaded porch for a few minutes' talk ere the evening shadows fell, and he gained permission to walk home with Hope. I have met him often enough during the summer to have the good opinion of him which others express, confirmed by own observation. His deferential manner to ladies, without any obsequiousness, won my admiration, for it is a quality in which so many young men are lacking. Though lively and perfectly at ease in his manner towards Hope, yet he shows her the most respectful attention, and it is pretty to see the half-shy, halfpleased way in which she takes it.

As I watched them walk away in the early twilight, I felt like sending a silent benediction after them, with the wish that their future might ba

linked together.

Hope is beginning to have her own little troubles, which show her that life is not all brightness to any one. There is a rich old bachelor, living a few miles away, who has paid her marked attention of late, and for whom she has no liking. But her aunt favors and encourages him, ambitious for her niece to make a good match, and frowns olden time falls in scraps and ditties from her lips.

upon the young man, whom she fears Hope does like, but who has, as yet, only his head and hands to support him, and which have, however, gained him a good, steady situation with a comfortable salary. I am told by others, that her aunt tries to induce her to discourage the latter, and treats him with a coldness and stiffness which mortifies Hope, while she annoys her about her bald-headed suitor, whose affectations at being young are the amusement of all the girls.

I often laugh at her about him, for I know she does not mind it, but she confesses to me that it is very trying to have her aunt urge her to act as she cannot do. Sometimes she talks of going home, and I think that it is just because of this, for she came to stay a year or more, her aunt being childless, and there being plenty of sisters at home; but she cannot be very happy here long with her, although she thinks she is very fond of Hope, and is very good to her in some ways. And Hope wishes to be fond of her, and is so sweet in her disposition, that it vexes me to think of any one tyrannizing over her.

Ah, well! these tribulations may help to strengthen her character. Self-reliance and decision are qualities which it lacks in some measure, and this will bring them out. At least, I hope it may, without developing anything which will spoil her loveliness. Meantime, I watch her with loving prayerfulness,

#### GRANDMA.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

HAT a world of happy memories that simple word suggests! It carries me back to a little, brown farm-house nestling among lofty cotton-woods and fragrant cherry-trees, and seeming from the distance like a mere speck on the broad prairie. Then a tiny room at the end of the long, shady porch rises before me; and, as the vision lingers, I can almost detect the delicate perfume of the roses which peep in at open windows, and hear the hum of the bee as he gathers sweetness from the open honeysuckle.

An indescribable charm enthralls me as I cross, in memory, this threshold, though many years have passed since last its door swung open at my eager tap. There, in that sunny corner, stands the bed, with its soft pillows and snowy coverlet: here the old-fashioned bureau towers aloft until it almost touches the low ceiling; while in that nook by the chimney-piece a time-worn clock, quaint and mysterious with age, solemnly ticks the hours away. A few footstools and easy-chairs are scattered carelessly about, and several half-burnt logs-reminders of the chilly spring days-still lie in the open fireplace.

But it cannot be these which draw with such resistless force the many feet that wander to the farm-house gate. Ah, no! the siren that entices them is a silvery-haired, sweet-faced "grandma," with a white kerchief pinned across her shoulders, a gift for some poor, stockingless "little one" fast growing in her fingers, while a simple song of Here, to this quiet abode of peace and sunshine, come many bereaved, discouraged ones, seeking sympathy and advice, and seeking never vainly. Here come also the gay and happy-hearted, knowing that "grandma" will rejoice in their joys as she sorrowed in others' sorrows. Here comes Tom with his broken kite, and Lucy, the household [pet, with her noseless dolly, assured that even if "dramma" cannot mend it she will be "so sorry."

A nest of half-fledged birdlings, whose mother has fallen a prey to the hunter's rifle, is brought here for care; pussy carries her eyeless babes and proudly yet tenderly lays them down at grandma's feet, while even the little sparrows outside in the cherry-trees seem to chatter and twitter for her sake alone as they dart down to the window-sill and seize the crumbs she throws them. Yet her face never loses its welcoming smile or her voice its grateful sympathy, however strange her visitors or whatever their demands. She prays for the wicked as for the erring, with bended head and folded hands, asking not God's wrath and vengeance, but His mercy and forgiveness. To the stricken one she tells of a higher life, a happier home, where, all will be again united, and parting shall be no more forever.

Ah me! my heart throbs fast, and my eyes look through a mist of tears, as this loved picture fades and another sadly dreary takes its place. Yes, sadly dreary, although the sun still shines and the flowers blossom as if they knew no change. Happy flowers! they cannot feel the woe and heartache which sometimes rack these frames of

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A morning came at last—we might have known it would—when the tiny, gray-winged sparrows chirped in vain for crumbs, and little Lucy's "wake, dramma," brought no response. We found her lying as if in sleep, and thought we heard the rustle of angel's wings as the poor, thin hands relaxed, and disclosed in the book they held that passage of sweet promise: "The pure in heart shall see God."

It seemed many, many days that all was a long, sad dream. The darkened parlor knew no more the sound of happy voices, and the little eastern room, once so full of light and cheer, was silent and alone—with Death.

Then, one quiet afternoon, there came the tread of many feet marching softly to and fro, and halt-

ing at last in the old church-yard.

"Dust unto dust" fell in measured tones upon our ears, but brought no whisper of its meaning, and only once was the death-like stillness broken by little Lucy's wailing cry: "Oh, it is so sad not to have a dramma!"

A plain, white marble slab, almost o'ertwined with roses, marks our dear one's resting-place, and, guarded by the pure, sweet flowers, is only this inscription: "He giveth His beloved sleep."

FLORENCE FAY.

MAKE work but a secondary thing, and you will make but secondary work. Have your mind in your work, and you will have your work to your mind.

#### TO-DAY.

BY ELIZABETH WOOD.

IT we with folded hands to-day, No work to do? no word to say? Up, soul! the hours are speeding on, And, ere we know, the day is gone. No work? The fields, already white, Stand waiting for the sickle bright. Hast thou not heard the Master say, "Go, in my vineyard work to-day?" God has a place for all, and He Has work to do for you and me. No work? while yet one human soul Goes down to ruin. Ah, the whole Of our to-day is not too long, If we would join the harvest song; That song of toil forever past, The wheat all garnered safe at last, Where naught that harms may ever come, That glad, sweet song of "harvest home," To-day-'tis passing! ere it flee Forever from our grasp, may we Ask God above, and our own heart, If faithfully we've done our part-If we, with willing hands, and brave, Have done our best the world to save. Is there one home we might have brightened? One heart whose grief we might have lightened? One soul, now going far astray, We might have shown the better way? God knows; and whatsoe'er of sin Or wrong in our to-day has been, Let us redeem, with all our powers, The little time that still is ours. Each task we do, each cross we bear. Will fit us for the morrow's care.

The future leave with God,
As from His hand we take it;
'Twill be as He sees best, and as
Our life to-day shall make it.
Then let us work with heart and soul,
And God will bless and shape the whole.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES A HAPPY HOME?

ANY things, it may be said, contribute to this. There must be neatness, order, regularity, harmony, peace, love and a desire on the part of all to mutually serve and please each other. But all these qualities cannot exist without the sustaining power of religion.

It is genuine religion that insures a happy home, for it comprises everything that is excellent and amiable. Wealth and grandeur cannot make happiness, for how often have we seen spacious and elegant residences, situated in the midst of all outward loveliness, a very Paradise without, a Pandemonium within.

But the home where religion reigns, how different! Night and morning the prayer of thanksgiving ascends to Heaven; the law of kindness is upon every lip, and trust and peace in every hear. Though the world is dark and stormy without, within the charmed circle of home all the clouds vanish. To such a home, will the scattered members of a family turn their longing gaze backward

when weary years have flown. The situation of the house, the hills we climbed, the woods we ranged, the waters we sailed, the sports we enjoyed, the counsels of a dear father, the prayers and blessings of a pious mother, the glad, fond smiles of brothers and sisters, the memories of all these, can never die in our hearts, for memories of such a home are deep and imperishable.

Truly has it been said that "Home is the refuge of our lives," for there only could confidence be indulged and affection be truly requited.

And after these few short years, we go to our long home. How important then that we prepare for this while in our earthly home. Set up the family altar in every house. Make your homes the abodes of gentleness and love. Teach your children the "golden rule" of life; guard zealously against all jealousies and discords, and be prepared to say:

My earthly home is bright and fair, And loving voices greet me there, And oh! that this a type may be, My better home in Heaven, of thee. EMILY SANBORN.

#### OUR LOVED ONES-OUR LOST ONES.

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY,

THEY are safe in the harbor—the white sails are furled,
The anchor is cast by the evergreen shore;
They are living together in God's lovely world,

Our loved ones—our lost ones—they sorrow no more!

How far from this earth-home? oh, where on the

Of the purple Immense is the sweet Evermore?
Where, after life's sunset we'll meet them again?
Our loved ones—our lost ones—who wait on the shore!

Away, far away in the violet glow,
Across the wide waste of a fathomless sea,
Unthinking of us are they resting? no, no!
Our loved ones—our lost ones—are with you and
me!

Yea, here by the home-hearth, with love-lighted eyes;

A breath of their presence drifts through the dim days;

They come swift as thought, from their home in the skies,

Our loved ones—our lost ones—they guard us always!

I watch the long-vacant old arm-chair, sometimes, Soul-yearning to see them and hear them once more:

I know it is vain—till the last vesper chimes, Our loved ones—our lost ones—we'll see them no more!

But, oh! when the rose-tints of earth-life shall pale,

And the mortal lies down with its sorrow and pain,

And the freed spirit passes beyond the dim veil, Our loved ones—our lostsones—we'll meet them again! A DAY OF DOOR-BELLS.

"ING-A-LING, ling!"
I heard it just as I was ready to go downstairs, and it was a welcome sound, for I knew the milkman had come with the cream for

coffee.

"Cream?" Yes, cream; and in the Centennial City, too, where even milk is in good demand. But we have a jewel of a milkman, if he does come ringing at the door-bell like a telegram of life or death; and if that doesn't fetch somebody speedily, blusters up to and rattles at the window like a veritable March blast. We forgive him all that, for the sake of his cream and rich milk. If he watered it, now, or put chalk in it, he wouldn't come around in that bluff, open way, but would steal up to the door-step, cat-like, and touching the bell-knob softly, with his velvety paw, would be ready with a smile and a purr, when the mistress appeared.

Our milkman is not going to desert his old customers for the Centennial hotels—for any price they may offer—not he. He feeds his cows well, and gives them a good warm bed of straw to sleep on, anybody might know, by the quality of the

milk.

And, "a man who is good to his horses and cattle"—you know the rest of the adage. Our milkman has only a kind old mother; but has prospered through all these hard times, because he obeyed her injunction, "Always to sell good milk, then he would always have money." For no other reason that I know of, except that a man who would chalk and water milk, for innocent little children to drink, must be a fool (as well as something worse), and, "a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Ting-a-ling, ling," again.

This time it is the postman; and the postman is always welcome. Come to think of it, what an agreeable office it must be. Everybody is ready to go to the door for the postman; boarders, visitors; but we have a little maid of ten-a little gem of a maid, who is so "faithful over a few things," that some day she "will be made ruler over many things." There are rich men and women in this city, who would be proud of such a little girl for a daughter. She has a fresh, sweet face, a well-shaped head, with soft brown hair, very fair complexion, and is deft-handed. When she answers the door-bell, she does it very prettily and civilly. A respectable-looking young man was going down on the other side of the street this morning, selling something that he carried in the breast-pocket of his coat, and when the maids over the way left their work in the kitchensomething spoiling over the fire, maybe-and came to the doors, how disappointed they looked; shutting them sooner than was quite civil.

Now, I answer all the door-bells that I can, not only to save Miss Maid-of-all-work, but to greet the wayfaring man or woman more kindly than she has time to do; for if a lady cannot buy, the least that she can do is to decline in a lady-like manner, and bid the salesman of anything at all

useful or beautiful success.

There he comes again. "Ting-a-ling, ling."

And he has a little article, like a pocket chronometer, of chemically saturated paper, of different hues, that indicates, by a change of color, when the atmosphere of the room is too hot or dry for health. It is only fifty cents; but I say to him that after a little, one would pay no more attention to it than to the urns for holding water on their heaters.

"Oh, well," he says, "that is your look-out, not mine."

To be sure! it is only his "look-out" to sell them; and mine, whether it will be worth fifty cents to me. There is a "look-out" in both directions these hard times.

"Ting-a-ling, ling."

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A poor fellow is at the door, who has come up from a distant part of New Jersey, on foot, to this great city to get work—moulding in a foundry—and has used up his old boots completely, the stockingless toes protruding at the end. There are no old boots in the house for him; and I expect he thinks, as did another of his stamp, who was considerably daft, yet had enough of "method in his madness" to have discerned that "There seemed to be plenty of boots and shoes in the shops and stores, but they were not in circulation."

A plenty of everything in the world—God's world—enough to make everybody comfortable; dry-goods spoiling on the shelves, vegetables and fruits decaying in the groceries, meat tainting in the markets, coal-houses overstocked, and men in the mines on a strike; yet ever so many going hungry and cold in just this city of "brotherly love" alone.

"Ting-a-ling, ling,"

It is a poor woman who wants to get work; and we inquire if she cannot get a place by reporting to the intelligence offices,

"She has waited there," she says, "till she is tired of waiting." And now, "Please, mum, will you give me five cents for a cup of coffee?"

Here is something wrong again. So many people wanting good help, and so many persons wafting places. Is it that there are so few good places, kindly, considerate people, or so little intelligent, competent help? We are not sure that this woman could cook even a "pratic dacently."

"Ting-a-ling, ling," before she is fairly gone out of the house, and this one is beflounced, and befrizzed, and painted. Her nose, too, is "tiptilted," and she wants her Thursday afternoons out, and "Do you keep a second girl, ma'am?" And what for, my lady? To do your work in your absence? or am I to do it myself? Supposing a saleswoman, who gets but six or seven dollars a week-not more than your board and wages-should insist on one afternoon out of every week, and the employer, who had other business to attend to, expected to do the work while she was attending tea-parties among "her set," fiftytwo times in a year. No, thank you, we would rather have our little maid, who is not up to teaparties yet. Heaven grant that she may always be beyond them.

"Ting-a-ling, ling."

We had forgotten about the door-bell; but there

goes the little maid, without a word of grumbling, to attend it; and this time it is, "Has your mistress a cup of coffee for a poor man?" The coffee-pot is left on the back part of the range every morning, with more boiling water added; and though this blear-eyed man's breath smells of the fumes of the still, we cannot refuse this one of the "devil's poor" the cup of coffee which his hands tremble almost too much to hold, for who *licenses* that devil to go abroad seeking whom he may confiscate?

But there! it will never do to go off on that theme now—one on which I am as ready to go off as a rocket is to go up and explode—for it is evidently going to be a day of door-bells, and the little maid will have to leave her work too often—there is the postman's ring again; half-past eleven; surely! how the morning has slipped away; and that "hour" is lost which "cannot be caught up with in all day."

Yes, that ever-welcome postman has a letter for us from a dear, kind friend, and we will go off in a corner and devour it, forgetting all about the "ting-a-ling, lings." Lewise Oliver.

#### THE PRAYER OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY MRS, LIZZIE M. BOWLES.

The moonlight filled the room;
As soft and pure, as radiant here,
As in a happier home.

And there, beside his lowly cot,
A child knelt, young and fair;
His bright head bowed, his blue eyes closed,
And small hands clasped in prayer.

The sweet voice, full of childish faith, Repeated, word by word, Our Lord's own prayer, in reverent tones, The "Father" must have heard.

And then, with quivering lips, he prayed, "Make father good again, And mother glad, dear God, once more, And Willie, too, Amen."

The father, passing, caught the words, So full of love and pain, And heard, with shame, that childish prayer, "Make father good again."

God heard it, too; for He "who hears The ravens when they cry," Bows low to eatch each humble prayer, And answered from on high.

And to this trusting little one,
The wondrous power was given,
To draw a soul from shame and death,
By love, to home and Heaven.

To-night, within a cheerful home,
The silvery moonbeams fall,
And happy, thankful hearts are raised
To Him who giveth all.

## Zuenings wilh the Poels.

#### MAY VERSES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do you hear the wild birds calling— Do you hear them, O my heart? Do you see the blue air falling From their rushing wings apart?

With young mosses they are flocking, For they hear the laughing breeze, With dewy fingers rocking Their light cradles in the trees!

Within nature's bosom holden,
'Till the wintry storms were done,
Little violets, white and golden,
Now are leaning to the sun.

With its stars the box is florid, And the wind-flower, sweet to view, Hath uncovered its pale forehead To the kisses of the dew.

While thousand blossoms tender, As coquettishly as they, Are sunning their wild splender In the blue eyes of the May!

In the water softly dimpled— In the flower-enameled sod— How beautifully exampled Is the providence of God!

From the insect's little story
To the farthest star above,
All are waves of glory, glory,
In the ocean of His love!

#### A GLANCE BACKWARD.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

I SEE a picture in the air
A country school-house, low and square,
With plain pine desks and dusty floor,
And whittlings all about the door;
A boyish teacher, young but wise,
With gentle face and kindly eyes—
And faltering through her lessons there
A little girl with yellow hair.

How shy she was! what real distress, What conscious sense of awkwardness Burned in quick color on her cheek, When came her dreaded turn to speak! How kind he was! his ready aid Assured her timid soul, and made The path of study plain and sweet Before her hesitating feet.

How long, how long ago it seems!
Like some fair vision seen in dreams—
That cool, bright autumn time of yore,
When he, a bashful sophomore,
With cheek that changed from pale to red,
Taught to a puzzled yellow head
(His youngest pupil, in whose eyes
Not Solomon was half so wise),
Within that country school-room's walls,
The mysteries of decimals.

Alas, alas! to what intent That labor over rate per cent., And sums in compound interest, By one with nothing to invest? Whose only venture was, in truth, The vague, sweet hope, the faith of youth, Which early dwindled to its end, Nor paid a single dividend?

No school-girl now his peace disturbs
By tremulous tilts at nouns and verbs—
Alas, how fast the years have flown!
Now he has children of his own,
Tall boys in college, girls in trains;
His busy heart no more retains
The features of the child of ten,
Who made a hero of him then,
Than Sandy River keeps, this hour,
The face of some wild meadow-flower,
Which grew and blossomed, shy and low,
Beside it, thirty years ago.

Yet it is more than many gain,
In this estate of change and pain,
To be forever set apart
The hero of a thankful heart,
Within that temple undefiled,
The grateful memory of a child;
To hold, in spite of time and space,
So sacred and secure a place
As, with a truth that naught can dim,
Her womanhood still keeps for him.

Portland Transcript.

#### THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

BY J. BESEMENES.

IF all our lives were one bright glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our paths were smoothe and fair,
By no soit gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not wait the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storm and showers
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation;
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

And yet in Heaven is no more night,
In Heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow—
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life above it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it,
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for Heaven,
And cannot picture it below
Till more of light is given.

Sunday Magazine.

# Pousekeepers' Peparlment.

of your truly interesting magazine, I find in the "Housekeeper' Department" an extract from Hall's Journal of Health, which you say will be read with interest.

Now I am very much interested in all that pertains to housekeeping, and am always on the look-out for anything that will be useful in any of its numerous departments; but I cannot allow some things that are said in the article referred to

to pass without protesting against them.

Now, in order that what I have to say may be well understood, I will give the part that I object It is where Emmeline is speaking of country people. She says: "They usually cook their food in such a careless, slovenly manner, and have so little variety in it, that but for their active outdoor lives they would certainly loose all appetite, and die of starvation. It is hard to imagine how people manage to survive who, day after day, drink the same sloppy coffee, and eat the same sour, heavy bread and badly-cooked meat and vegetables, which one is treated to at the average country house! But the worst of it all is that they worry through life on such fare, and never realize the fact that it is possible to prepare food in any other or better way."

I consider this is doing country people a great injustice. I have lived in a country home all my life so far, and I have not found the state of things she describes to be the average, but the exception. We may not have the variety that city people have, but as to the cooking of good, wholesome food, I believe country people to be quite equal

EAR EDITOR: In the February number | to anything I have met with in town houses. We buy the best coffee, and know how to make a delicious beverage of it, and then as to eating "sour, heavy bread," we never have anything of the kind upon our tables, nor badly-cooked meat or vegetables, either, and if Emmeline speaks from experience, she must have been very unfortunate indeed; if she had come to our part of the country, she would have had a far different tale to tell the readers of Hall's Journal of Health, a tale that would have made city readers long and sigh for the good home-made bread and golden butter, with coffee properly made and good, rich cream to put in it, and I fancy our fresh, juicy meat and well-cooked meat and vegetables, would quite equal anything they ever tasted elsewhere; and really now, Mr. Editor, why should we not have a good, healthful living, when we have most everything of our own raising, and, in most instances, do the cooking for our families ourselves, not, like city people, trusting to servants; and is it not greatly to our interest to supply our tables with well-cooked food?

> I am a farmer's daughter, and have profited by some of the articles I have read in the papers, but they were not of this disparaging kind. I have come across such like pieces about our way of cooking food before, and I feel certain that if such writers could only see the way our boys fire up and express their indignation when such remarks are read to them, they would draw in and not be so certain about their averages, nor set us country people down in such terms for the future.

PANSY.

## Bealth Department.

#### LEARN TO WALK.

BY ELSIE.

HERE is many an invalid lady in our land who might regain health again if she would only learn to walk. I do not refer to that class whose complaint may forbid the exercise, but that larger class who could very well take moderate walks every day, if they only thought so. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And this is emphatically true of invalids,

A slender, delicate lady was sent to Europe to regain lost health, and there learned this almost neglected accomplishment in our land, that of walking. She gradually improved to such a degree that she was able to walk twenty and even thirty miles in a day, and regarded it no great feat. "Now I think nothing of ten miles," she says.

An aged elergyman of note, whose step and bearing are remarkable for the manly vigor, takes long walks, and has ever since his college days.

freedom from many of the ills incident to old

It is wise to begin such a change in one's habits with moderation. Yet it is best to walk briskly while you do walk, as a lazy saunter is most debilitating and wearing. For the first few minutes you may feel quite tired, and yet at the end of ten minutes you may feel greatly rested. Though you may feel wearied on your return, if a night's sleep restores and refreshes you, the exercise has done you good and not harm.

It is the brain-workers particularly who need to adopt this practice and follow it steadily, through rain and shine. When once the habit is established, you would miss your walk on a stormy day as much as you would your dinner. It need not be omitted under ordinary circumstances for a little rain or snow. Have the stout overshoes in readiness, the ample waterproof and reliable umbrella, and you may go forth with a smile at the storm. The time of the day must be decided He attributes to this more than anything else his by one's circumstances and convenience. Usually

It is best to come in after the heavier tasks of the day are over. Your best nerve-power should go to your work, whatever it may be. An afternoon walk, say at four o'clock, is one that oftener suits our convenience, I think, and you will gather food for your thoughts and brightness and beauty from even the humblest objects around you.

When our women as a nation learn this new accomplishment of walking, they will cease to be the nation

of invalids they are at the present day.

CATCHING COLD.—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots and shoes, when they fit too closely, press against the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood; when, on the contrary, they fit with comparative looseness, the blood gets fair play, and the space left between the leather and the stockings is filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they are positively wet it is not necessary to change them. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed in the sole, it is attracted nearer the foot itself by the heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting this rule. The feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, although on taking off the shoes and warming them they appear quite dry.

SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.—There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to lie long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep till he wakens himself, and then give him such variety and amount of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bedtime returns.

TISE OF OATMEAL.—The London Medical Record says: "It has long been noted in this country that in those districts where the use of oatmeal (in the place of wheaten flour) prevails, we find children and adults with the best' developed teeth and jaws; and so well recognized is the influence of oatmeal upon the teeth, that many practitioners order its use as an article of daily diet for children, in cases where dentition is likely to be either retarded or imperfect."

SOURCE OF CONTAGION .- Dr. Sedgewick Saun-A ders, medical officer of health for the City of London, in his report on the health of his district, gives a striking instance of the mode by which contagion may be conveyed by dirty linen. A policeman had two children who had recovered from scarlet fever. Their clothes were sent to a laundress, whose children were in perfect health, yet they shortly afterwards sickened for scarlet fever. It was proved, in the inquiry which ensued, that the policeman had acquainted the laundress with the fact of sickness in his family. Disinfection of all the clothing used by infectious patients should be made compulsory.

VENTILATION FOR CUPBOARDS,-In the construction of old houses, and in too many instances new ones also, a great defect is to be found in the absence of any mode of ventilation for the cupboards, This omission, says the Sanitary Record, is a serious one in all cases, but especially in those which are devoted to the reception of food or of dirty linen. In such cases these closets, with their contents, become laboratories for the manufacture of polluted air, which from time to time escapes into the living rooms and makes itself unpleasantly apparent. The remedy for this is not difficult; a few perforations in the doors will be found serviceable, but if practicable the wall of the cupboard should also be perforated, so that a thorough draught could be obtained.

CURE FOR SUNSTROKE AND APOPLEXY.-A New York physician says: I believe sunstroke and apoplexy can be cured almost surely if taken in any kind of time.

1. Rub powerfully on the back, head and neck, making horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood from the front brain, and vitalizes the involuntary nerves.

2. While rubbing, call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on the top and

side of the head.

3. Call for a bucketful of water as hot as can be borne, and pour it by dipperfuls on the back, head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

PARENTS should be careful not to let the rays of the sun shine directly upon the faces of sleeping children. Strong light is very injurious to the eyes, especially if they are inclined to weakness.

Two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal, drank in half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

# The Great Centennial Techibition.

#### THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EING, as a woman, naturally desirous of learning what sort of a display was made of the industries of women in this great International Exhibition, one of our first visits was to the Woman's We will not say we were disappointed at the meagre exposition of real women's work, for we were not, since it was only what we had foreseen from the time when it was first proposed to make a separate exhibition of that work. It is, in fact, impossible to so separate the work of men and women that each may

and imperfect efforts, regarded as the best and all that women can do; while the mighty and wonderful results in all the other halls are accredited, most unjustly, to men. In fact, the best work which women have done, or are capable of doing, is not found in this pavilion, but in other places on the grounds-in the Main Building, in Machinery Hall, in the Agricultural Building, in the Art Gallery. We, for one, have always been opposed to any line of demarcation between the work of the two sexes. They should, we believe, work together, each supplementing the imperfect achievement of the other. And when they thus co-operate, be displayed by itself. The attempt to do so results, it how is this work to be so separated as to show how seems to us, in having the one pavilion, with its weak great a part either sex took in its accomplishment?

A book is written and published under a man's name. If man's work is to go in one department, and woman's in another, this book will of course find its place in the former; and who will ever stop to consider that perhaps some woman was its inspiring cause? Who will give the woman credit for the ideas she furnished, for the suggestions she made, for the criticism which perfected the book before it was given to the public?

Again, not only women cannot, but they would not if they could, separate the exhibition of their work from that of the other sex. The best and strongest women workers prefer to have their work judged on its own merits, rather than to either challenge or deprecate criticism by displaying the badge of sex. It is evident that many women have been influenced by this feeling, since they have chosen to exhibit the productions of their hands elsewhere than in the pavilion, Still, inasmuch as it was fully determined to hold a separate display of women's work, it is a pity that this display should not have been made as full and perfect as it might have been. Every woman, for the credit of her sex, should have done what she could to make this department a worthy representation of the achievements of the hands and brains of the women of the nineteenth century.

Nevertheless, though there is not all that one would wish to find in this Woman's Pavillon, enough is presented to interest the visitor, and to indicate to him or her that women have achieved much already in many departments of industry and art, and that they give promise of achieving still more in the future.

The pavilion itself is in the form of a Greek cross, and is situated between the United States Building and the Agricultural Hall, while its nearest neighbor is the New Jersey Building. In front of it stretches out a magnificent sweep of lawn, bright with numberless beds of flowers cut in the green sward. Over the door is a modest sign, "Women's Department;" while on panels on each side, and in six different languages, is the motto, "Her works do praise her in the gates."

Entering at the principal door, fronting on the lawn, and turning to the right, the first thing of interest that strikes the beholder is the Materia Medica Cabinet, prepared by women students in the laboratory of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. The cabinet makes a fine display, and will compare favorably with exhibits of the same nature in the Main Building. It is a credit to the college and to the women who prepared it.

Next come contributions from China and Japan. There are curious screens in raised applique, of figures, animals, flowers, landscapes, etc. But these things are more interesting as objects of curiosity than as works of art. Near these are a rug manufactured by Arab women, and pictures in slik and chenille embroidery of animals, birds, flowers, etc., from the Phillippine Isles. These are really worthy of attention.

In the Norway collection are some beautiful bonquets of pressed flowers, artistically arranged, and preserving nearly all the brilliancy of nature, the work of Fredrika Lundk. This same collection displays some very fine specimens of tatting and lace embroidery. Some flowers of fish scales are both curious and pretty. But Alma Nilsson, of Sweden, surpasses in this fishscale work anything we have ever seen. She exhibits jewelry-brooches, earrings, tiaras, necklaces and bracelets, which are of fairy-like beauty, and most unique. There is a book-cover of carved wood in this same Swedish collection which is worthy of notice. The attractions in this collection, as in the Main Building, are the life-size and life-like figures, dressed in the peasant costumes of the country. In one of them two women are pulling a daisy to pieces, petal by petal, while a young man looks over their shoulders. Their expressions are natural, and the group an exceedingly fine one. The cushion lace from Sweden, although not so fine in workmanship as that from some other countries, is still worthy of attention.

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As it was widely advertised in the newspapers that there would be contributions from English royalty to the pavilion, most visitors turn with more than ordinary expectation to the cases which contain exhibitions from the Royal School of Art Needle-work. Here, it is true, are to be found a very rich bed-spread of white satin with maroon velvet applique, bearing above it the royal coat of arms, leading the spectator to infer that it is the work of some one of the royal household: here is another spread worked from a design of the Princess Louise; and still another the joint production of the Princesses Helena and Beatrice. But beyond richness of material, brilliancy of coloring and elaborateness of design, there is little to recommend these things. There are numbers of designs from the Lowell Art School and from the Cooper Institute, which show more artistic excellence, and which unite utility with beauty. The Royal School of Needle-work is evidently a place where women are trained to lavish money and labor to as little purpose as possible,

Every woman should look at the microscopic illustrations of Dr. T. G. Wormley's micro-chemistry of poisons. These illustrations may not interest her from a scientific point of view, but they are illustrative of what an earnest woman can do. They were not only drawn, but engraved upon steel, by Mrs. Wormley, who learned the engraver's art for this especial purpose, since no other engraver would undertake so delicate and important a task. This woman has done real service to the medical profession of the world. Her home is Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Eliza Greatorex displays a handsome volume of etchings of "Old New York," and near this is a beautiful gothic window of carved ebony from Wisconsin. Immediately in this neighborhood is a series of illuminations formed of real pressed flowers and leaves, illustrating Horace Smith's hymn to the flowers. It is the work of Fanny L. Macdaniel, of New York, and one of the most creditable things this department can show.

Let the visitor stop to look at the organ and table made by a Swedish girl, of Chicago, without instruction, and for the most part with tools manufactured by herself. The organ and table are of black walnut, carved and inlaid, and contain no less than three thousand pieces of wood. Near here is a handsome carved screen, which, at the time of our visit, bore no name. The pictures on slate, by Mrs. Fanny Davenport, of Brandon, Vt., are exceedingly fine, and show to what use this material can be put for table and stand tops. A very richly-carved and decorated easel is from Racine, Wis., while Miss Walsh, of Columbus, Wis., exhibits some fine crayon and other pictures.

The carved work from the Cincinnati School of Design has called forth not only a great deal of praise, but also criticism of, and sneers at, women's work in this line. True, it cannot compare with some of the exquisitely fine carvings from Switzerland, and the still more magnificent carved work to be found in the Italian Department of the Main Building. But when it is remembered that these Cincinnati specimens are, for the most part, the work of young girls, still students of the art, and when it is considered that they evidence a marked originality of design, and a careful and conscientious study of nature, criticism ought to modify its severity. If a single generation of women can, in the early days of their art studies, and before they have fairly passed their teens, produce work such as is on exhibition here, what may w not hope for women when broader opportunities shall be opened for them, and when they shall possess the inherited skill of generations? The work of which we are speaking consists of pianos, tables, toilet bureaus, chests of drawers, doors, organs, cabinets, stands and bedsteads. bedstead attracts particular attention. Its head-board is carved in imitation of a porch, around which morning-glories are twined, the flowers here being closed: On the foot-board are the same flowers open, while on

other portions of the bedstead are poppies. It is a very elegant piece of furniture, the work, we believe of the Misses Pitman of Cincinnati, young ladies who have not yet passed their twentieth year.

There are decorations of china from Cincinnati, from Lowell, from Newark, N. J., and from Philadelphia, all of which are tasteful and artistic. Some cups and saucers, by Miss Ellen Robbins, of Boston, are really striking.

Miss Maria H. Bray, of Gloucester, Mass., displays a handsome collection of marine algæ, or sea mosses, effectively mounted, so as to display their beauty of color and form to the utmost. Near these are some beautiful specimens of Sorrento wood-carving, by Miss M. M. Brainerd, of Worcester, Mass.

Coming to the department of the Lowell School of Design, we find patterns for carpets, lace and calico, displaying real artistic excellence.

Every one will look at the etchings by Queen Victoria: and every one who has any knowledge of art will recognize the fact that their chief excellence consists in their having been produced by the hand of royalty.

The Brazilian Department in this building does not compete in excellence with that in the Main Building. There are feather flowers, very much inferior to those found in the latter place; and a number of embroidered cushions which have no special beauty to recommend them. We should, perhaps, except those embroidered in gold, which are really elegant.

The case containing samples of women's work from Tunis, is an exceedingly attractive one. Here is a magnificent door curtain in gold embroidery, and prayer carpets, one in maroon and gold, and the other in black and gold. There are also some beautiful

cushions, or "shasna" covers.

We have now approached the Art Department of the Woman's Pavilion. It would be easy to occupy an entire article with descriptions, praise and criticism. The Cooper Union Art School sends some very graceful lace designs, some wretched designs on wood, better crayons and some excellent portraits. A fine crayon sketch, "In the North Woods," by Mrs. C. B. Coman, of New York, will attract attention. The etchings of Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, of American and foreign scenes, are spirited and do the artist great credit. Mary Preble, of London, exhibits, in the Art Department, several remarkably fine water colors. Among the oil paintings, there is an exquisite collection of flower pictures. among which may be noted "Water Lilies," by Mary E. Shunk; "Thistles," by Eleanor E. Greatorex; "Roses," by Mrs. Lucie Fery; and more quite as good, but which we have not space to particularize. In fact, the flowers are uniformly good, while the landscapes are almost uniformly poor. Mrs. Greatorex, however, has several very fine landscapes. "A Mountain Brook among the Adirondacks," by Miss Emily J. Lakey;
"The close of a Winter's Day," by Mary Augusta Bur-ham; "Antwerp by the River," by Mrs. F. Stockbridge, of Baltimore, comprise nearly all of the landscapes which are worthy of attention. "An amateur," of Hartford, Conn., contributes a very fine figure picture entitled, "An Italian Peasant." A "Cattle Piece," by Miss Lakey; "Chickens," by Miss Mary Smith; "Prayer," by Cicilia Schuesselle, in which faces and drapery are particularly fine, include most of those pictures, not already mentioned, which deserve praise for artistic excellence.

There is no great display of statuary in this hall, but what there is, is really good. The most noticeable piece of sculpture is a bust of Charlotte Cushman, by Emma Stebbins, of Rome. Then there is a very pretty model of "Eve," by Blanche Nevin, of Philadelphia, who also exhibits a "Cinderella," which is worthy of praise. "St. Christopher and the Christ Child," by Miss Freeborn, of New York, is a spirited group, the little child being specially excellent.

In a case not far from the Art Department are shown

some pen-and-ink sketches, by Miss Austen, of Baltimore, which exhibit remarkable facility in the use of the pen.

The native flora of Northern Illinois are elaborately displayed by Mrs. P. V. Hathaway, in a vast number of carefully-pressed specimens, scientifically classified and arranged. Similarly arranged are the wood mosses of North America, by Miss Jennie Watson, of Massillon, Ohio.

There is quite a collection of wax flowers and fruit on exhibition by different parties. Miss E. Sadler, of Philadelphia, among other fine specimens, shows sprays of the Virginia Creeper, both in summer and autumn tints, which are particularly graceful and natural. Mrs. Thomass Weaver exhibits some magnificent water-lilies in wax. The wax fruit of Miss Anna B. Breperton, of Philadelphia, are the most perfect specimens of the art we ever beheld. There is no waxy look about them, but they seem like the real fruit, tinted by the sun and mellowed by ripeness.

The case from the women of the Indian Territory contains a good many articles of curious work manship in fur, beads and feathers. Here is displayed a miniature Comanche lodge, with a chief standing beside it.

We are now approaching the department of the useful. Mrs. H. B. Mountain has invented a life-saving mattrass, to be used at sea. There is a miniature specimen on exhibition, and the merits of the actual mattrass are to be tested sometime during the summer, Mr. Paul Boynton assisting. The dish-washer of Mrs. Charlotte H. Sterling, of Gambier, Obio, attracts considerable attention among the ladies. If it is what it claims to be-an invention to save the tedious labor of this particular branch of housewifery-it will speedily come into favor. Mrs. Sarah Ruth exhibits a patent horse-umbrella, or sun protector, which seems a very desirable thing, and will, no doubt, add to the health and comfort of our four-footed friends. The combination desk of Mrs. E. W. Stiles, of Philadelphia, is especially suited for the needs of public reading rooms, and is not at all out of place in the private office or library. It unites a reading and writing desk, files for newspapers, case for books, letter-box and pigeonholes for filing. It is most compact in form and ornamental in appearance. A ladies' work-table, patented by Miss L. Frances Woodward, of Woodstock, Vt., and a mangle, blanket-washer and curtain-drier, by Mrs. S. Stout, Cincinnati, Ohio, are all creditable inventions.

Of embroideries and hand-made laces, there is quite a profusion, many of them bearing favorable comparison with the laces on exhibition in the Main Building. A lady from Florida, Miss Elizabeth Percy, of Cincinnati. Julie Everest and sisters, of Brussels, and others, all show exquisite specimens of lace. Around a case of most beautiful Brussels laces, a bevy of young girls were standing, all looking and admiring, while one of them, pencil in hand, was busing tracing some of the patterns. Being questioned, they told us that they were studying designing, and were gathering ideas from these magnificent laces. Thus it will be seen that this World's Exhibition is already being put to its best use. Mrs. C. F. Paul, of Saratoga Springs, displays some beautifu. and delicate specimens of tatting, which seem really to redeem this feminine occupation from being a mere time-killer, and to raise it to the realm of the fine arts. Those who are curious, will like to look at the cushion, exhibited in one of the cases, upon which is a piece of point duchesse, in process of manufacture, showing how it is produced. The muslin embroidery by Mrs. Emaline M. Shepard, is exquisite. So also is the silk embroidery of Miss Lizzie Todd, of Columbus, Ohio,

Adelia C. Covell has invented perspective outline models, to facilitate drawing, specimens of which, on exhibition, will attract the attention of the drawing teacher.

Coming back again to the useful, we find a patent

bedstead, which unites the qualities of both bedstead and bureau, and must be found very convenient where it is desirable to economize space. A combined traveling-bag and chair, the invention of C. Éaunonier, of New York, will commend itself to those who travel much by boat, since that necessary appendage, the traveling-bag, can be, at once, converted into a seat. There is a gridiron greaser and scraper by Mrs. Sherwood, which, though a humble, is still a very useful article to the bousewife. A thread-and-needle bank contains a case for spools of cotton, and all the appurtenances of the work-basket, and a place also to put away money. It is quite an ornamental piece of table furniture.

Scotland sends cloud-like tissues of Shetland wool. From the South are hats and other articles of palmetto, really handsome. A cape and muff, manufactured from the silky fibre of the milk or silk weed, will attract notice. There are abominations of worsted embroidery in plenty, including two or three large pictures, horrible to behold, especially after one has examined the magnificent pieces of tapestry on exhibition else-We saw some little patchwork, though not an abundance of it, we are happy to state; various grotesque attempts at art decoration of screens, and some really beautiful fish-scale flowers and crosses from Florida, Mrs. K. Schmidt, of Philadelphia, exhibits very pretty hair jewelry. The young girl who sits and cuts out elaborate designs with her scissors, is quite an artist in her way. Those who love to behold the achievements of royalty, will gaze fascinated upon a beautifully fine napkin, woven by Queen Victoria.

We have briefly given a list of the most striking features of the Woman's Pavillon. It has been impossible to enumerate everything worthy of notice in this department. But enough has been said to show the visitor that, in spite of the somewhat ostentatious display of cheap and tawdry work, there are yet articles of value and interest to be found for the looking. No mention has been made of the looms, and the women at work; yet these are quite interesting to those who take pleasure in such things. By the time this article reaches the readers of the magazine, there will probably be a printing-office in full operation within the Woman's Pavilion, the work carried on entirely by women. The ladies of the Centennial Commission are already issuing a paper, called The New Century for Woman; and it is designed to have this printed in full sight of the spectators, within the building, in order to give an exhibit of women's worth in this special department. This paper is edited with marked ability, and is devoted specially to illustrating the Woman's Department of the Centennial, and to the advancement of women generally.

This display of woman's work cannot, we reiterate, be considered a fair and full exhibit of the work of women of the present day. Many things are omitted which should have been there; and some few things accepted which it would have been as well to omit. Still there is much to encourage those who are working for woman's advancement, and great promise is given, in many departments, of future excellence by women, where, up to the present time, they have only just ven-

tured to make their way.

No visitor should think of spending less than a day in this hall; and if it were possible to make the visit under the escort of some one already familiar with what it contains, many things, which otherwise the new-comer is apt to overlook, will be discovered. The writer of this article found this to be the case, after first making the tour of the hall alone, and afterwards in company with one of the very kind and obliging ladies of the Ohio delegation, to whose courtesy she was indebted for having her attention called to articles which she had overlooked, and for facts concerning many others which, without her guide, she might not have obtained.

E. B. D.

# Anshion Department.

#### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

HOSE who contemplate spending any portion of the summer at the seaside or watering places, will like to have a hint of what is worn at these places this season.

One of the most popular materials for luncheon and other day parties at these places, will be white organdy muslin. Dresses made of this material are nearly covered with embroidered flowers and lace, with pale-tinted ribbons in loops, bows and long pendants. Evening dresses of damask silk, lace and tulle, are trimmed with fringes of flowers—an entire novelty. One fringe of this character which we see described, was half a yard deep, and composed of crimson fuchsias. Fringes of scarlet poppies, alternating with black poppies, will be worn upon pale blue silk.

A new fabric, called the "Sole Centennial," comes to us from Lyons. It contains the patriotic tri-color, yet so delicately tinted, and so harmoniously blended, that they are in no way conspicuous. This material will be much worn for afternoon dresses by young ladies at

watering places.

Grenadines are still the favorite fabrics for summer dresses, and thread lace is their most fashionable triming, though French laces are almost equally worn. For watering-place toilets, white grenadine is made up to wear over black velvet, and trimmed with gold braid. The bonnet or hat for this costume should be of white chip, trimmed with ostrich feathers, black velvet and a single gilt ornament. The parasol should be black, with white lace border, white lining and lyory handle.

The "Mexicaine" patterns still hold their own, in almost all kinds of summer fabrics. Among the new goods for summer dresses, is grass linen, fine as a web, thin, wiry and barred. This is in ferce tints, to be made up over silk of any dark, rich color. Erocaded batistes in figured stripes, or surface covered with arabesques figures, is shown in blue-gray, brown and cream, and is to be worn over silk. This fabric retains all its freshness and beauty after washing.

Black kid belts, with bags mounted with silver or cut steel, have made their appearance in Paris, and will, doubtless, soon be introduced in this country. The bag bears the monogram of the wearer, and the clasps and joints of the belt are finely carved.

Young ladies and misses are wearing blouse or surplice waists, belted and sometimes lapped in front, Misses wear deep sailor collars of the material. Such dresses are pretty made in checked fabrics, trimmed with white Hamburg work, or with Smyrna lace.

For croquet and country dresses, there are suits of the finest ginghams in gay colors, trimmed with Smyrna lace, an old-time linen lace known to our grand-mothers. Though "only gingham," these costumes are very beautiful, and are elaborately made. The polonaise is the overdress preferred for them, and the single skirt has a wide flounce trimmed with lace. This is very much admired in gray and blue plaided gingham, with white Smyrna lace, and many bows of gray grosgrain ribbon.

For plain and useful costumes, to be worn for service, there is no better fabric than the gray and brown mobiles of wiry, durable material, that shed dust, and will not cockle.

## New Publications.

Comparisons and Proverbs. Compiled and arranged by Adam Woolever. Harrisburg: Patriot Publishing Co. This book might not inappropriately be called an encyclopædia of wisdom, wit and humor. There is not a subject which cannot be here found, illustrated by quotations, in either prose or poetry, or very likely both, from well-known authors. The subjects are all arranged alphabetically, and are perfectly indexed, so that any desired subject can be found with the least possible delay. The book is a mine of wealth to the student or general reader who would largely increase his stock of familiar wisdom; and is simply invaluable to the author who would have within easy reach, for quotation or other purpose, the sayings of other authors on all subjects which may interest him. The volume is the result of many years' gleaning in the field of literature; and these gleanings have been selected and arranged in a most complete and satisfactory manner. In addition to these quotations of "wisdom, wit and humor," there is given a collection of odd comparisons and witty sayings, gathered from modern literature; also a number of proverbs, many of them "familiar as household words." Over ten pages are devoted alone to an index of the authors quoted from, so that one cannot give the work a careful reading without becoming familiar with not only the style, but many of the salient points of all the noted writers of the past and present. The book is a large octavo, neatly and substantially bound, and contains over five hundred

Left-Handed Elsa. Boston: Loring. This is a perfect prose-poem, melo-dramatic in its style and plot, and noble and tender in character. It is well written and exceedingly interesting; and a summer hour can scarcely be spent more profitably than in its perusal.

The Vendetta, and Other Poems. By Thomas Brower Peacock. Topeka: Kansas Democrat Printing House. The first poem in this collection is quite an ambitious one, being founded upon the peculiar custom of retaliation denominated Vendetta, which is still observed in Corsica. The subjects of the poems which follow are such as touch the heart of every man, and appeal either to his artistic or affectional nature. Although Mr. Peacock is a young man, this is not the first volume of poems which he has published, his earlier works earning a fair meed of praise from the press of the country.

Familiar Talks to Boys. By the Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. This is a most excellent collection of addresses, delivered extempore before the pupils of the Charlier Institute by the reverend divine whose name appears upon the title-page, and noted down at the time of delivery by a reporter. The subjects are important ones, bearing directly upon a young man's life in the world; and they are treated in a plain, practical manner.

Kitty's Class Day, and Other Stories. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Loring. This is a collection of three stories by the well-known and talented authoress, which will be read with interest by all. The last one in the volume, "Psyche's Art," is especially worthy of commendation.

The Problem of Health: How to Solve It. By Reuben Greene, M. D. Boston: B. B. Russell. Philadelphia: Quaker City Publishing House. The author of this work, although himself a physician, and for twenty-five years connected with the Boston Medical Institute, holds that it is better for men and women to wisdom scattered through its pages.

Treasury of Wisdom, Wit and Humor, Odd properties and Proverbs. Compiled and arranged Adam Woolever. Harrisburg: Patriot Publishing to. This book might not inappropriately be called an analyse of wisdom, wit and humor. There is not nevel opened in a five down to the hands of the doctors by remaining in health, than to trust to being cured when they are ill. The book touches all branches of health and Lygiene, and contains much practical common-sense, which it would be well for all to heed.

Benjamin Franklin. A Picture of the Struggles of our Infant Nation, One Hundred Years Ago. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. Franklin is rightly classed among "American Patriots and Pioneers," and this volume comes to complete the series which bears that name. What renders this volume specially interesting is, that in it it well-known author, after a half a century devoted to literary labors, bids farewell to his readers, and lays down his pen. His name has become truly a "household word" in America, and it will be long remembered as belonging to a man who did what he could to educate youth in a right direction, and to impart a healthful tone to American literature.

Philadelphia and its Environs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is denominated a "Centennial Edition" of a very handsomely-illustrated work which first appeared a few months since. The peculiar feature of this edition is, that it contains a number of fine engravings illustrative of the Centennial Exhibition.

Self-Raised; or, From the Depths. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is a sequel to "Ishmael; or, In the Depths," which we noticed last month. It is a story of considerable power, and is quite up to the author's usual standard of excellence.

Consuelo. By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. The recent death of Madame Dudevant will awaken a fresh interest in her works, of which "Consuelo" was undoubtedly one of the best, if not the very best.

Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years ago, Edited by H. E. Seudder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A more lively, chatty book, nor one more apropos, never was prepared. Its anecdotes and gossip about people of a century past are simply irresistible in their interest and attractive ness. "The Sans-Souel Series," of which this volume is the second number, promises to be even more entertaining than its immediate predecessor, "The Bric-a-Brac Series."

Our Behavior: A Manual of Etiquette and Dress of the Best American Society. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, Author of "What Women Should Know," etc. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. This is especially an American book, being based upon the manners and customs which rule in regard to behavior and dress in this country. Its rules are founded upon practical common sense, and upon the Christian duty of regarding the rights and feelings of others as paramount to our own. In this country, where all men are equal before the law, the only distinction between individuals is that which is based upon character and deportment. It is not always possible for strangers to judge of each other's character at once; but a man's deportment will tell either for or against him at the first interview. Therefore it is desirous that this should be correct and pleasing; and to the end of helping those whom efrcumstances have not educated in the little civilities of cultivated life, this book has been written. It is complete in its directions; and, in addition to the merely technical part of the book, there is much practical

# Editor's Department.

#### Success in Life.

THE common idea of a successful life is one in which an individual gains some marked advantage over the great mass of his fellow-men, either as to wealth, power, reputation or commanding influence, reached through skilful, intelligent and untiring personal effort. It rarely includes what the man is as to his quality and state of mind-what he has made of himself. Only what he has done and gained; only how far he has got ahead of other men in the race for money or distinction. The largest successes the world has known, taking this view, have too often been, so far as the individuals were themselves concerned, the saddest of failures. We see such failures every day, and the common perception of the people is rarely at fault in regard to their true character.

The minds of our young men who are preparing for the world's work, and who will soon take the places of those who, in a few years, must rest from their labors, should be lifted above the old ideas of what makes success, and be made to see that the man himself is higher and more worthy of consideration than all he can possibly do or gain, "Is not the life more than

meat; and the body than raiment?"

In an address made nearly a year ago to the students of Edinboro University by Lord Derby, in his capacity of Lord Rector of that institution, he took occasion to make some remarks on this subject of success in life, and they contain so much that is well said and truly said, that we give them to our readers, and especially for the consideration of all young men who are looking forward to a career in the world:

"One word I should like to say as to the object to which studies should be directed. I would not discourage honorable ambition. I am not blind to the advantages which a State gains by the existence among its citizens of a strong feeling of social emulation; but personally, I am not a believer in what has been called the 'gospel of getting on.' It is, for one thing, a gospel which can only be preached to a small minority.

"To be successful in the world's sense, means to have got over your neighbors' heads; to be rich, as the word is used, means to be richer than your neighbor; and by the very nature of the case, these are results which, if everybody aims at them, involve failure and disap-

by the very nature of the case, these are results which, if everybody aims at them, involve failure and disappointment to nine cut of ten. We all start in life with the notion of beating our equals in the race; it is a useful stimulus at the outset of a career; but I think I have noticed that as they go in life, most men who are worth their sait, think more and more of doing their work as it ought to be done, and less of the return in fame or gratified vanity which it is likely to bring them.

fame or gratified vanity which it is likely to bring them.

"College successes, no doubt, give a good start in life, and are a useful preparation for that keen professional competition which, whether we like it not, is inevitable in most employments. I do not, assuredly, undervalue them in that respect. But if we are to look at the naked truth of the matter, I do not think I could donestly tell you that the highest literary, or artistic, or scientific culture always leads to what the vulgar call the substantial prizes of life. Many very lillterate persons have accumulated large fortunes by their own energy and sharpness. Even in the most intellectual professions, many men have risen high and filled considerable posts and enjoyed widespread reputations, who knew but little outside the range of their professional work, though no doubt they knew that thoroughly well. Do not understand me as denying or doubting that habits of industry and mental training are an advantage for active life; they are an advantage, and a very great one; but what I would urge upon you is, that devotion to study, if it is to be real and sincere, must rest on motives far stronger, reasons more conclusive than can be drawn from a calculation of chances in the great lotter vof the world.

and sincere, must rest on motives far stronger, reasons more conclusive than can be drawn from a calculation of chances in the great lottery of the world.

"Culture may disappoint you, if you seek it for what can be got out of it; it can never disappoint you if you seek it for itself. Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a guif not easily passed over, a difference which must make itself

seen and felt, between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but he prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age. There are many such; and sometimes you see them tolling on to the last, determined, times you see them toning on to the last, determined, as they say, to die in harness, not because they have any further need to work—not even because their work continues to interest them, but because they have no other interest, and nothing else to turn to. I hardly know a more miserable alternative than for a wealthy and prosperous man either to exhaust his last years with needless labor,

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,

or else to sink into that vacuity and ennui which to an active temperament, is often worse than even acute

#### Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on the Centennial Exhibition Grounds.

AST month we spoke out clearly on this subject, showing that the United States Centennial Commissioners stood before the people and the world as violators of law.

Since that writing, a number of delegates from a meeting of the National Temperance Society, held in this city early in the month of June, waited upon the Centennial Commissioners, and put in a formal remonstrance against the sale of liquor on the Exhibition Grounds, and calling their attention to the fact that it was in violation of a law of the State of Penn-There was a warm discussion, in which sylvania, some plain things were said; but the Commissioners refused to take any steps for annulling their contracts with the liquor men,

So the matter stands, and will continue to stand, unless it be brought into court and the Commissioners restrained from any longer setting at defiance as clearly expressed a law as can be found on the statute books of our Commonwealth. The weak subterfuge, that the transfer of a portion of Fairmount Park to the United States Centennial Commissioners to be used for a World's Fair, removed this portion of ground outside of the jurisdiction of the State of Pennsylvania, and beyond the action of her laws, is unworthy of the men who make it, and a reflection upon their fairness, rather than upon their acumen or their common

#### The Letter-Writer.

E give this month a pleasing and artistic picture, entitled "The Letter-Writer." The professional letter-writer is as well known and established a character in Oriental countries, as is the schoolmaster among us; for in lands where all women are ignorant, as a matter of course, it usually follows that many men are in but little better condition. Therefore, the letter-writer finds steady employment among his own sex, with now and then an extra job from the other. In the East, as all are aware, women are not taught to read and write, lest they should make a bad use of their knowledge. Thus, when engaged in intrigue of any sort, and it becomes necessary to resort to the pen, the only course left to them is to resort to the professional letter-writer. And this letterwriter is as much bound in honor to respect the secrets of his clients, as the lawyers of our country those of their clients.

In the picture we see the letter-writer seated upon a divan in his own house, busily engaged in putting upon paper the words which are dictated by his female visitor. This woman has come, wrapped in the heavy mantle usually worn by women in the East upon the streets, and which entirely envelopes the form, and her face partially concealed by a veil, which she has allowed to drop sufficiently for her to watch, with a look of eager curiosity, the wonderful and seemingly magical process of putting thoughts upon paper. Her companion and attendant is a female slave, her probable confidente in the secret which has required the aid of the professional letter-writer. The interior of the house is well represented. The long-stemmed pipe stands in a corner against the wall, which is handsomely finished in geometrical and other fanciful designs. The attitude and costume of the white-bearded man are correctly given; and the entire scene is one suggestive of Oriental romance.

#### Sidney Lanier's Psalm of the West.

IPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July contains a poem of some fifteen pages, written by Sidney Lanier, whose Centennial Cantata provoked so much criticism that the author came forward in a two or three column explanatory newspaper article, in which he gave a review of the method pursued, and the objects he sought to gain, in the composition of that somewhat remarkable production. His new poem is entitled a "Psalm of the West," and is in many respects still more remarkable than his Cantata. To ordinary readers, who have been used to finding the sense pretty close to the surface of words, the poem will be part riddle and part nonsense, with here and there a clear ringing sentence, the meaning of which none need lose, intermingled with rare bits of poetic imagery.

The poem opens with an apostrophe to the New World:

"Land of the wilful Gospel, thou Worst and thou Best!
Tall Adam of lands, new-made of the dust of the West!
Thou wroughtest alone in the Garden of God, unblest
Till he fashioned lithe Freedom to lie for thine Eve on
the breast—

Till out of thy heart's dear neighborhood, out of thy side,

He fashioned thy intimate Sweet and thine Eve and thy Bride.

Cry hail! nor bewail that the wound of her coming was wide.

So, Freedom reached forth where the World as an Apple hung red;

Let us taste the whole radiant round of it, gayly she said; If we die, at the worst we shall lie as the First of the Dead. Knowledge of Good and of Ill, O Land! she hath given thee:

Perilous godhoods of chosing have rent thee and riven thee;

Wills high adoring to Ill's low exploring hath driven thee-

Freedom, thy Wife, hath uplifted thy life and clean shriven thee!

Her shalt thou clasp for a balm to the scars of thy breast;

Her shalt thou kiss for a calm to thy wars of unrest; Her shalt extol in the Psalm of the Soul of the West. For Weakness, in freedom, grows stronger than Strength in a chain;

And Error, in freedom, will come to lamenting his stain,

Till freely repenting he whiten his spirit again; And Friendship, in freedom, will blot out the bounding of Race;

And Straight Law, in freedom, will curve to the rounding of Grace:

And Fashion, in freedom, will die of the lie in her face; And Desire flame white on the Sense as a fire on the height,

And Sex flame white in the Soul as a star in the night.

And Marriage plight Sense unto Soul as the twocolored light Of the fire and the star shines one with a duplicate might:

And Science be known as the Sense making love to the All,

And Art be known as the Soul making love to the All, And Love be known as the Marriage of man to the All—

Till Science to knowing the Highest shall lovingly turn,

And Art to loving the Highest shall consciously burn,

And Science to Art as a man to a woman shall yearn,
—— Then Morn!

When Faith from the wedding of Knowing and Loving shall purely be born."

Then follows a weird fancy of the poet about a soul that once upon a time

"In a querulous dream went crying from pole to pole— Went sobbing and crying Forever a sorrowful song of Living and Dying,

How life was the dropping and death the drying Of a Tear once fell in a day when God was sighing. And over Time tossed him bitterly to and fro

And ever Time tossed him bitterly to and fro As a shuttle inlaying a perilous warp of woe In the woof of things from terminal snow to snow,

Till, lot

And he sank on the grass of the earth as a lark on its nest,

And he lay in the midst of the way from the east to the west."

Then to this soul, as it began lifting itself, in song, was given a vision of the Western world, in which the Norsemen, Columbus and the Mayflower Pilgrims are introduced; following which are glimpses of our revolutionary struggle and the conflict between the North and the South. All this passes as a dream and a mystery, in which is shadowed man's higher and nobler deatiny in the West. The poem closes as follows:

"Then called the Artist's God from in the sky:

'This Time shall show in dream and mystery
The heart of all his matter to thine eye.
Son, study stars by looking down in streams,
Interpret that which is by that which seems,
And tell thy dreams in words which are but dreams."

"The Master with His lucent hand Pinched up the atom hills and plains O'er all the moiety of land The ocean-bounded West contains: The dust lay dead upon the calm And mighty middle of His palm.

"And lo! He wrought full tenderly,
And lo! He wrought with love and might,
And lo! He wrought a thing to see
Was marvel in His people's sight:
He wrought his image dead and small,
A nothing fashioned like an All.

"Then breathed He softly on the dead;
'Live Self!—thou part, yet none, of Me;
Dust for humanity,' He said,
'And my warm breath for Charity.
Behold my latest work, thou earth!

The Self of Man is taking birth.'

"Then, Land, tall Adam of the West,
Thou stood'st upon the springy sod,
Thy large eye ranging self-possest,
Thy limbs the limbs of God's young god,
Thy passion murmuring I will—
Lord of the Lordship, Good-and-Ill.

"O wonder! Now thou sleep'st in pain, Like as some dream thy souldhd grieve; God wounds thee, heals thee whole again, And calls thee trembling to thy Eve.

Wide-armed thou dropp'st on knightly knee: Dear Love dear Freedom, go with me!

"Then all the beasts before thee passed-Beast War, Oppression, Murder, Lust, False Art, False Faith, slow skulking last-And out of Time's thick-rising dust The Lord said, 'Name them, tame them, Son: Nor rest, nor rest, till thou hast done.

"Come thou whole Self of Latter Man! Come o'er thy realm of Good-and-Ill. And do, thou Self that say'st I can. And love, thou Self that say'st I will; And prove and know Time's worst and best, Thou tall young Adam of the West!"

The author, in giving this poem to the public in a more permanent form, will no doubt append copious notes, which will make it easier reading than it now offers. It is destined to provoke no little criticism. There are many passages of singular beauty that we should like to quote; but space does not permit,

#### Playing the Chimes.

10 play skillfully on a chime of bells is an accomplishment possessed by very few persons. How it is done has been well described by a writer in the Hartford Times, who witnessed one of the performances on the chimes at Machinery Hall, Centennial Exhibition grounds. These chimes are unequalled in this country, and have only two or three rivals in Europe. The writer says;

"An accomplished bell-ringer, Professor Widdows, of Washington, plays the bells, and his repertoire numbers over one thousand pieces. The method of chiming may be a curiosity to some, but it is very simple. The bells are hung rigidly to an immense frame of timber on the upper floor, or bell deck of the tower, and under each are two hammer, one heavy and one lighter, the latter provided with heavy mufflers for producing a softened tone when required.

"These hammers are attached to bell-crank' levers, or levers forming two sides of a square—right-angled—

and pivoted where the arms of the angles meet, so that a pull or depression on the outer arm brings the other

a pull or depression on the outer arm brings the other arm, to which the hammer is attached, against the inside of the bell. The player is on the floor below, just under the bell deck. A frame of uprights supports a series of levers like pump-handles, or like the handle of an organ bellows.

"From these handles, or levers, extend rods through the ceiling, which are attached to the bell-crank levers by wires. The professor, in his shirt-sleeves and bareheaded, placing his music book on a rack, grasps one handle after another, bringing each down with asharp jerk, which is answered by the corresponding bell overhead.

handle after another, bringing each down with a sharp jerk, which is answered by the corresponding bell overhead.

"To see him playing 'Still so gently o'er me stealing,' is to witness a specimen of physical activity that beats the wildest 'break-down' of a minstrel dancer. But he does finely, never missing a note, never making a push where he means a jerk, never hitting the wrong bell."

#### The New and the Old.

HE closing of the first century of our national existence and the beginning of the new, were celebrated in this city with the most imposing ceremonies; accounts whereof have reached most of our readers through the daily and weekly press. In them were seen the strong heart-throb of the people, as they paused to look back over a hundred years, in which there have been a growth and development of all the material, intellectual and moral forces that go to make up a great nation, such as the world has never seen. And now, just one hundred years old, we move forward, keeping step with the most advanced nations of the world, as strong as any in our physical resources, and ready to enter the lists in competition with any or all of them for the highest results in art, science, education and mechanical skill.

The promise of the new century into which time has

passed us, is higher than the old. Its heart will feel the impulse of a truer and nobler humanity. Its recognition of the brotherhood of man will be clearer and stronger. But the battle it has still to fight with the two great evils that oppress the world-the love of rule and the love of gain-will be long and desperate. That truth and right will prevail, is as sure as that God, in this new and better age of the world, is steadily giving to the people a new intelligence, a new freedom and a new heart: and these will in time reform and regenerate the world

How beautifully did Mr. Whittier, in his Centennial Ode, foreshadow this new and better life that is surely coming, when he wrote:

"Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long, In peace secure, in justice strong; Around our gift of freedom draw The safeguards of Thy righteous law, And, east in some diviner mold, Let the new cycle shame the old!"

And Sidney Lanier, in these lines from his Centennial Cantata

"Long as thine Art shall love true love, Long as thy Science truth shall know, Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove, Long as thy Law by law shall grow, Long as thy God is God above, Thy brother every man below, So long, dear Land of all my love. Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

#### A Touch of Nature.

E take up this little waif which has been floating about through the newspapers, and give it a home in our pages. One can hardly read the touching incident without his eyes growing dim. It

first appeared in the Detroit Free Press :

"GERTIE.-Boys of ten or twelve, seen on the street, appear heartless and without sympathy, and yet you wrong them. Among the houses on Clinton Street is one which has missed many a pane of glass in its windows. Rags and papers are used to keep the cold air out, or it may blow in and whistle through the desolate rooms without let or hindrance. A girl of ten, whose life had been one long period of hunger, pain and unhappiness, was taken sick one day in March, and people passing by could see her lying on a miserable bed near one of the windows. It was curious that any one of the boys coming or going should have stopped to think or care about it; but they did. One of them, feeling sad at sight of the sufferer's pale face, handed an orange through a broken pane, saw it clasped by slender white fingers, and then ran away. He had told other boys, and by and by there wasn't a day that some lad didn't halt at the window to pass in fruit or flowers. None of them knew the family, or ever spoke to the girl, and so they gave her the name of Gertie, and called her their orphan. Boys went without marbles and the other things that belonged to boyhood sports, that their pennies might buy an orange, lemon or some simple flower for Gertle, and their anxiety for her to get well was fully as great as the doctor's or mother's. Whatever present they had they handed it through the broken pane, waited for her to reach up, and never lingered longer than to hear a soft 'thank you' from her lips,

"Days went by, but the boys did not grow weary, nor did they miss a day. It was romance and charity so well combined that it gladdened their hearts and made

them fond of each other.

Yesterday morning a lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and a big orange, went to the window. white fingers touched his as they grasped the offering. He waited a moment, and then with beating heart looked through into the room. The bed had been taken away. On a table rested a pine coffin, and on the coffin was a bunch of faded flowers which had been handed through the window the day before. Death had been there, and the boys no longer had a mission.

"You might not have seen the boy hiding in the doorway and wiping tears from his eyes. He was seen, however, and when asked the cause of his sorrow, he sobbed out the whole sad romance in four words, 'Our Gertie is dead."

#### Woman's Work in the World.

THE promised series of articles on this subject, from the pen of Mrs. Duffey, will be commenced in the next number of the Howk

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